

JAPANESE GAIN ON SHANGHAI-WOOSUNG FRONT

Campbell Races Car Over Bumpy Beach

Bluebird Auto Is Tested At Daytona For Speed Attempt

Sir Malcolm Campbell Averages 131.627 Miles an Hour in Tuning Up Car to Beat His Own Record

DRIVES CAR THROUGH POOLS OF WATER

Associated Press

Daytona Beach, Fla., Feb. 20.—Sir Malcolm Campbell of England, here to attempt to break his own world automobile speed record of 245 miles an hour at the first favorable opportunity, roared over the ocean course in his Bluebird car at 1:30 p.m. to-day on the first of a series of test runs.

His average for two runs was 131.627 miles an hour. His average time was 27.35 seconds.

He was officially clocked on the southward run at a speed of 125.874 miles an hour.

The car bounced badly as it sped along past the grandstand at the south end of the measured mile. The beach was not in good condition.

At the time Sir Malcolm made his first run, the tide, against a brisk northwesterly wind, covered part of the width of the course and he was forced to swing his car in and out to avoid the waves.

NORTHWARD RUN

On reaching the south end of the twelve-mile course, Sir Malcolm turned his machine around and made a run north. The visibility was poor due to an overcast sky.

He was clocked over the measured mile on the northward run at 137.92 miles an hour.

RAN THROUGH WATER

On his second run, Sir Malcolm again was forced repeatedly to cut his speed when he encountered bumps and at several places along the beach his car splashed through the water when the tide swept in.

Overhead airplanes followed the car along the course.

VETO EXPECTED ON SIGNAL PLAN

City Council Will Likely Refuse to Approve Police Board Proposal

In civic circles this morning it was considered likely that the City Council will veto the expenditure of \$8,000 on electric traffic signals, proposed by the police commission.

Following the criticism arising out of the police board's decision last Tuesday to install electric signals of this type it is generally surmised that the council, in the interests of economy, will refuse to accept the police budget asking this appropriation.

Interpretation of the Municipal Act covering the police department is to the effect that an expenditure of such nature could not be classed as uncontrovertible as far as the council is concerned. In any event the council would be required to pass an enabling by-law before the signals could be put into operation.

PROVISION OF ACT

Section 391 of the Municipal Act, provides as follows: "That the (police) board shall fix remuneration for the force and the council shall, subject to an appeal to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, pay such remuneration, and shall provide all such clothing, accoutrements, transportation facilities and other necessities as are from time to time deemed advisable."

B.C. ELECTION REPORT FLIES

Conservatives Divided on Plan to Appeal to Country in Summer

Associated Press

Victoria, Feb. 20.—The Tories, divided on the question of whether to appeal to the country in the summer of 1932, after four years of office marked by the most lavish spending in the history of British Columbia during its first two years of office and a swing to economy through payroll reductions this year.

The prospect of an election this summer is proving to be one of the burning subjects of discussion at the Parliament Buildings this session and conflicting views are being expressed.

It is understood that the government may, if it so desires, hold office long enough to face another session. It has generally been the custom in the past to appeal to the country after four years, and there are some supporters of the government who are strongly in favor of this course being followed.

The opinion has been advanced that this is the most inopportune time for an appeal to the country with the government under fire from many quarters, including members of its own party. Ministers of the government have claimed they are in the midst of shaping policies which, when consummated, will turn the tide of opinion in their favor and some of them, for this reason, would prefer another session.

LEADERSHIP

The rank and file, however, are believed to be in favor of an election in the summer and the question of leadership has been discussed. Premier Tolmie's recent ill health has strengthened the view that he will not lead the party through a strenuous election campaign. Others, however, believe that his complete recovery will only be a matter of a few months and he will wish to head the party.

Should he drop out, it is thought probable the Conservatives will go to the country with Attorney-General Pooley as the leader. His supporters claim the honor should be his through his long association with the party and his role of leader of the opposition when the Liberals were in power. Also mentioned as the possible leader is Leon Laidner, K.C., who has frequently been suggested to head the party in British Columbia. Hon. R. L. Maitland, K.C., is slated for the attorney-generalship if Mr. Pooley leads the party.

URGENT P.O.E. SALE

The sale of the P.O.E. was hoped for by the government, before an appeal was made to the country, and strong pressure is being brought to bear on the government by its supporters to close a deal, if possible, during the present year and lay it before this session of the House or a special session later. It is claimed the government is negotiating with British capital for the sale of the road and may have a definite proposal to present soon.

ACTRESS IS WED

London, Feb. 20.—Nora Blaney, popular actress, was married to-day to Dr. Basil Hughes, widely-known surgeon. In January, 1930, Miss Blaney underwent an operation. Her health weakened under the anaesthetic and it was Dr. Hughes who saved her life.

ALDERMEN OPPOSED

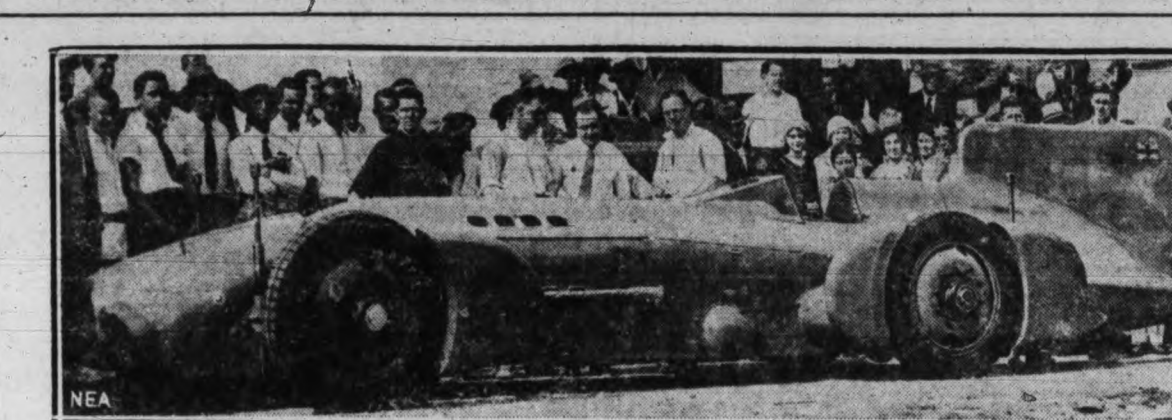
Traffic signals were a topic of lively conversation in the city to-day as a result of the protests lodged before the City Council yesterday afternoon. Already several members of the council have expressed opposition to the expenditure and the consensus of opinion was that the proposed expenditure would be vetoed when put to a vote.

WOMAN HURT IN AUTO CRASH

Vancouver, Feb. 20.—Spinal injuries and fracture of ribs were suffered by Mrs. N. Belmont, Wall Street, when the automobile she was driving plunged over a twelve-foot embankment at Glen and Hastings Streets at 6:55 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Belmont was removed to the General Hospital, where authorities this afternoon said her condition was not critical.

DRIVEN OVER FLORIDA BEACH COURSE TO-DAY



Bluebird II, pictured above, is the car Sir Malcolm Campbell, British racer, is tuning up at Daytona for an attempt to beat his own record of 245.733 miles an hour next Monday or as soon thereafter as the hard sand course is in favorable condition. The car is the one with which he set the record he holds. In preparing it for the present attempt he had structural alterations made and a new motor of higher horsepower installed.

TREASURE SHIP IS DELAYED

Vancouver, Feb. 20.—Delay in installing wireless on the treasure hunt motor schooner Silver Wave has set her departure back a few hours. Her departure for Cocos Island was set for this afternoon, but now she will not clear until 10 a.m. Sunday. This afternoon the vessel will make short runs around the harbor in order to test out her equipment.

REPAVING CONSIDERED

Council Calls For Report on Wooden-block Surfaces Requiring Attention

Plan Improvements to Pandora Ave. East of Junction; Sea Wall Repairs

Replacement of wooden blocks on downtown streets with paving and the re-surfacing of Pandora Avenue between the street car tracks from Oak Bay Junction to the city limits are the only new public works under consideration by the City Council this year, it was revealed yesterday afternoon when another session on estimates was held.

The council decided to secure a report from City Engineer F. M. Preston on the streets which needed the greatest attention on wooden block paving. An item of \$21,000 is provided in the tentative estimates for this purpose, but it is unlikely the full amount will be spent. Several aldermen mentioned that a number of streets surfaced with wooden blocks were in bad repair and needed re-surfacing.

Improvements on Pandora Avenue will be done in conjunction with the British Columbia Electric Railway Company which will repair the tracks. The council temporarily approved the sum of \$2,500 for this work.

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SALARY TALK NEXT TUESDAY

Next Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock was fixed by Mayor Leeming this morning as the time for the conference between the City Council, School Board, Police Commission and Library Commissioners to discuss salary reductions.

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Believed Valera Will Head New Ministry

Count of Ballots Cast in Irish General Election Gives His Group 71 Seats and Cosgrave Group 63, With 19 Still to Be Reported

Canadian Press

Wellington, N.Z., Feb. 20.—A careful estimate for the year 1932 indicates New Zealand will have a surplus of exports over imports of approximately \$70,000,000, which will be sufficient to cover foreign currency requirements of government and local bodies, according to a statement by the chairman of the Associated Banks of New Zealand.

FUNDS SENT TO CHINA

San Francisco, Feb. 20.—More than \$1,000,000 has been contributed by San Francisco Chinese for the aid of the Chinese forces at Shanghai, according to Arthur G. Wong, manager of the Bank of Canton here.

PLAINS FARMER DEFIES POLICE

Alberta Homesteader Barricaded in Cabin For Days Refuses to Be Interviewed

Edmonton, Feb. 20.—Armed with a rifle, shotgun and revolver, and still refusing to admit the police, a homesteader on the prairie today defied the police who had been sent to arrest him for a charge of shooting a cow.

The child went to school daily in spite of the siege, which started last Tuesday. Inspector A. G. Macdonald of the provincial police, has gone to Sisseton to assume charge.

"HIGH-HATS" REPORTER

The homesteader is not having anything to do with reporters. A newspaperman walked over to the Thompson yard yesterday afternoon. "Hey," he shouted. "Can you come out a minute, Mr. Thompson?" The man appeared at the door. "Well, what do you want?" demanded the six-foot farmer.

"I want to get an interview," "A what?"

"An interview. Tell us all about it," Thompson was puzzled for a minute.

"Get out," he ordered. "Maybe you do not understand. I want an interview," said the reporter. "You get out," repeated Thompson, and produced his shotgun.

JOHNSON FUNERAL SOON AT AKLAVIK

Aklavik, N.W.T., Feb. 20.—The body of Albert Johnson is to be buried at Aklavik. The trapper was shot and killed by an RCMP posse in a fight last Wednesday.

Official decision to make the burial here was made Friday. Interment will not be made until after the post mortem examination by Dr. J. A. Urquhart, Aklavik physician.

Staff Sergeant Hensley, injured by a bullet fired by Johnson before the trapper died and the two months' chase ended, was reported to be progressing favorably to-day. Capt. W. R. "Wojo" May will stand by at Aklavik with his plane until it is definitely decided it will not be necessary to take him out to Edmonton.

LIPTON ESTATE IS \$2,500,000

London, Feb. 20.—The will of the late Sir Thomas Lipton, filed here for probate to-day, showed an estate valued at £566,968, approximately \$2,500,000. The succession duties will amount to £225,000 (\$1,000,000).

TARDIEU MAY BE PREMIER

Ex-War Minister Tries to Form Cabinet in France After Failure of Paul Painleve

Paris, Feb. 20.—Andre Tardieu, who was Minister of War in the Laval cabinet, to-day accepted a mandate to form a new government to succeed that ministry.

The President's invitation to M. Tardieu came after Paul Painleve, unable to form a cabinet of "conciliation," had returned his mandate.

Early to-day, M. Tardieu and Edouard Herriot, Socialist and former Premier, were summoned to consultations with the President.

BREAK DOWN ON PORTFOLIOS

M. Painleve aimed at a cabinet of conciliation between the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. He negotiated with Pierre Laval and M. Tardieu for support of the majority in the Chamber. Negotiations broke down over the allocation of the portfolios of the Interior and Foreign Affairs. M. Painleve, lacking their support, swung to the left, common report then credited him with a proposed left and left-centre cabinet, but it was predicted if such a ministry should be formed it would meet its doom on its first vote of confidence in the Chamber.

Since the dramatic defeat of the Laval government in the Senate last Tuesday excitement has subsided, although students in the Latin quarter continue demonstrations against the Interior and Foreign Affairs. M. Painleve, lacking their support, swung to the left, common report then credited him with a proposed left and left-centre cabinet, but it was predicted if such a ministry should be formed it would meet its doom on its first vote of confidence in the Chamber.

THREE KILLED IN BUS CRASH

Mohawk, Ariz., Feb. 20.—Three persons were killed to-day and fourteen were injured when an Independent bus was telegraphed in a head-on collision with a truck on a highway near Mohawk.

Those killed were: Miss Alice Alexander, T. F. Bowen and Joyce McCarty. Their addresses were not known.

EVERTON IN FRONT AGAIN

Regain English First Division Soccer Lead By 5 to 1 Win Over Sheffield United

London, Feb. 20.—Displaced from their lead in the English Soccer League, First Division, championship race during the week by Sheffield United, Everton made a dramatic and successful effort to recapture their advantage to-day. They beat Sheffield United at Goodison Park by 5 to 1 in a return to form after several weeks of indifferent work.

West Bromwich Albion nipped in the last the change of Huddersfield Town for premier honors. However, while Everton and West Bromwich Albion were showing fine form, another club, Arsenal, was still in the way. The London club are the league champions and are favorites to win the English cup. To-day they beat Blackpool at Highbury.

Big Artillery, Tanks Planes and Guns of Navy Share In Fight

WOOSUNG FORTS SHELL WARSHIPS

Associated Press
Woosung, China, Feb. 21.—The battered guns of the Woosung forts, which the Japanese thought they had pounded into scrap metal, came to life early this morning and poured shells into the Japanese fleet lying in the Whangpoo River.

PREPARING FOR LEAGUE SESSION

Matsudaira May Head Japan Delegation to Far Eastern Assembly at Geneva

Tokio to Send Statement to Powers in Reply to Appeal Of Council

Canadian Press and Associated Press Dispatches

Tokio, Feb. 20.—The Japanese government prepared to-day to present a strong delegation at Geneva March 3 when the League of Nations Assembly will convene in extraordinary session to consider the Japanese-Chinese conflict.

The decision was made after receipt of information that the Japanese effort to prevent the calling of the League Assembly had been voted down by the League Council at Geneva. A Foreign Office spokesman said the Japanese delegation to the Assembly would probably include Ambassador Tameo Matsudaira, Naokata Sato and Ambassador Shigeru Yoshida.

M. Matsudaira is Ambassador to Great Britain, and M. Yoshida is Ambassador to Italy. M. Sato is the Japanese representative in the League of Nations Council.

APPEAL TOO LATE

M. Sato sent the last-minute appeal of the League Council for extension of the ultimatum period to the Foreign Office early this morning, but almost as soon as the communication reached (Concluded on Page 2)

JAPAN VOTES ARE COUNTED

Result of Election Will Be Known Monday; Government Victory Predicted

Associated Press
Tokio, Feb. 20.—Approximately 9,000,000 Japanese voters turned out eagerly watching the latest bulletins of the fighting at Shanghai to-day to vote in the country's general election while government officials prepared to fight inch by inch before the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva in March to uphold the Japanese activities at Shanghai and in Manchuria.

POLLING WAS QUIET

The polls closed at 6 p.m., but the results of the election will not be known until Monday. Reports from various parts of the country indicated the voting was quiet and orderly and that about 70 per cent of the 13,000,000 eligible persons voted. About one-third of the ballot boxes will be opened to-morrow and the rest will not be counted until the next day.

All indications pointed to a decisive victory for the Seiyukai (government) party over the Minseitō party.

The campaign was fought chiefly on the inflation issue. Both parties supported, in the main, the state's military policy.

MOVES HEADQUARTERS

Lieut.-Gen. Uyeda, commanding the Japanese, shifted his headquarters twice in twenty-four hours until sunset yesterday, when the Chinese guns at Woosung forts apparently had been silenced, did the bombardment subside.

There was no Japanese offensive movement against Woosung, however. It was impossible to determine the number of casualties in the day's fighting. The Japanese said theirs were comparatively light, but they believed the Chinese losses had been heavy.

WARSHIPS SHARE BOMBARDMENT

Six Japanese destroyers shuttled back and forth along the Woosung River front, pouring shells into the whole district.

On Line Between Shanghai and Woosung Japanese Gains in First Thrust Vary From One to Two and Half Miles

CHINESE IN DUGOUTS WHILE GUNS ROAR

With Only Small Group of Chinese in Kiangwan, Town Reported Likely Soon to Change Hands

By Morris J. Harris, Associated Press Correspondent

Shanghai, Sunday, Feb. 21.—Pounded all day long by Japan's big guns, the Chinese reserve lines were weakened early this morning as Japanese infantry began a frontal and flanking movement against the front line in the Chapei sector.

There were hundreds of dead and wounded in the Chinese support lines after the long artillery bombardment and a series of air raids.

Apparently the Japanese strategy followed that which became familiar in the World War. The attack falls first on the reserves, and then the infantry goes over. In France the front line usually was taken with comparative ease, but if reserves were still available a counter-attack wiped out the gain.

Yesterday the Japanese announced they had taken the town of Kiangwan, objective of the first day of the engagement. It is about half-way between Chapei and Woosung, and an important strategic point.

The Chinese denied this and early to-day it appeared the Chinese were right. But the Japanese said they seemed imminent. Only a handful of infantry and machine guns were left to defend the town.

GAIN TWO MILES

A wide-spread flanking movement by the Japanese along the line between Woosung Creek and Chapei, with Chapei as an axis, resulted in gains of from one to two and a half miles.

Under the Japanese advance and continuous attacks from the air, the Chinese offered only passive resistance, taking to their dugouts and waiting for the barrage to lift.

The Japanese infantry advanced cautiously in scattered formation, taking advantage of every mound and hummock and deserted building for protection, pressing forward foot by foot and mopping up as they went.

LINE STRAIGHTENED

As a result of the day's gains, the Japanese front was straightened out almost in a direct line from Chapei to Woosung, and only the Kiangwan sector had not been crossed.

On the right and left flank, the Japanese encountered little opposition. They took the village of Miaohank-chai, north of Kiangwan, without any trouble, and another village, Mang-zanka, with scarcely greater difficulty. The village of Woosung was a mass of ruins.

WARSHIPS SHARE BOMBARDMENT

Six Japanese destroyers shuttled back and forth along the Woosung River front, pouring shells into the whole district.

Seven Japanese planes kept the destroyers on the range. Not until sunset yesterday, when the Chinese guns at Woosung forts apparently had been silenced, did the bombardment subside.

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Atlin Pilot Searches For Two Lost Fliers

The machine carried a quantity of emergency rations, but it is five days' overdue, and it is evident the plane either crashed or landed safely only to become stormbound.

Major D. R. McLaren, D.S.O., assistant general manager, Pacific division, Canadian Airways, this morning wired instructions to Pilot McMillan to make the search flight as soon as possible. Although weather conditions in the Atlin district were not perfect, Pilot McMillan and his engineer, R. Little, hoped to make a three or four-hour reconnaissance to-day.

MOTOR HEARD

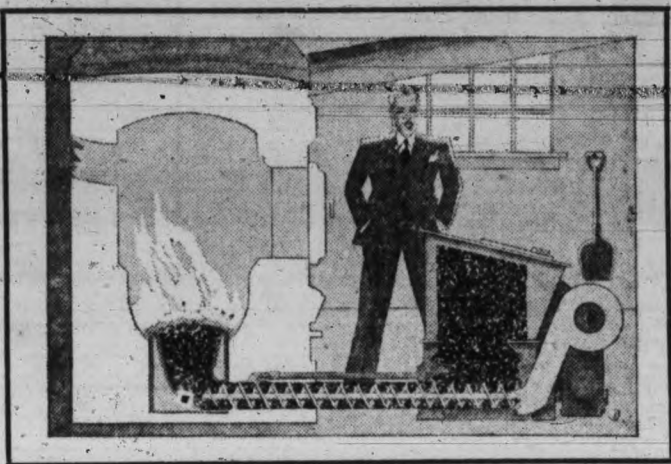
J. D. Vance, northern mail carrier who reached Atlin yesterday afternoon, reported that on Monday afternoon he heard an airplane on Nakinaw summit, sixty-five miles south of Atlin. There was a storm raging at the time and he could not see the machine, but he heard its motor distinctly.

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leaped over the bridge railing into the Willamette River. The harbor police patrol to-day was grappling for the body. Halembo, about fifty years of age, is survived by a widow and daughter. Officials of the street car company could advance no motive for the suicide.

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WOODLAND GARDENS

By JOHN HUTCHISON, F.R.H.S.

My confrere, H. B. W., in his column "Loose Ends" the other day, had some remarks to make in respect of the way people blindly follow fashion. He remarked that people seem to want to use the same things and do the same things as everybody else, until we all seem to be cast in the same mold.

This, unfortunately, applies to gardening also. We walk along the street, or even out in the country, and we see a great sameness as to the plants used in gardens. The fact is that this habit of doing what the other fellow does goes too far. The result is that people try to grow plants which are quite unsuitable, in many instances, to the location.

Many gardens in Victoria are blessed with a number of fine native trees. Now one cannot garden successfully among trees in the same way as one can garden in an open situation, but they should be preserved at all costs.

Therefore a few remarks on the subject of woodland gardens may not come amiss.

When one has a patch of woodland, large or small, and one desires to keep the effect as natural as possible, the

question of the best treatment of the paths demands some attention. Of course, a grass path in a woodland garden is the best, but it takes a good deal of attention, if it is not to become a mass of weeds. Probably the best way of settling the matter of paths in such a situation is to dig out the paths to a depth of a foot, fill in with say eight inches of fairly large rocks, cover this with three inches of cinders and finish with a surfacing of gravel.

FOR SHADY PLACES

Alongside the paths one wants to have plants growing that will take care of themselves to a great extent, but be it remembered that a certain amount of work will be necessary to see that the weeds do not get the upper hand. Taking the shady or semi-shady path first, we have the lesser periwinkle (Vincetoxicum) in many varieties. These grow quickly and are excellent for covering wide spaces, whether on the flat or on banks. Saxifraga Umbrosa (London Pride) is valuable for such a place, as are also Saxifraga Geum and Primula.

TO CARPET THE GROUND

Among close carpeters we have Helleborus, which will grow under almost any conditions. Arenaria Balearica is particularly well adapted for shade, and where it thrives few things can

be more charming. Though less able to take care of itself in all places, there are occasions when that minutest of all carpeters, the fragrant Mentha aquatica, will save in a film of green over large areas, reappearing from seed even if killed by frost or wet. In half-shade, in fairly good soil, Hutchinsia Alpina will be a delight at any season, and under similar or any other conditions the Creeping Jenny (Lysimachia Nummularia) will not be found wanting.

While there are few of the above that will not appreciate what share of the sun the woodland will afford, the drier and more exposed paths may be margined with such sun lovers as creeping thyme in its several varieties, hypericum capris and hypericum repens, globularia cordifolia as well as many of the campanulids and veronicas.

BEAUTIFUL FOLIAGE

Dianthus deltoideus may not be so free-flowering in the woods as in an open situation, but its lack of flowers will not detract from the beauty of its foliage nor from its effectiveness as a weed choker.

Crucianella stylata, which soon becomes a weed in the rock garden, is a perfect godsend in a situation like this, and so is Cerastium. Many other dwarf subjects will suggest themselves for the borders of the paths.

Behind these, some taller subjects will have to be planted. One of the best things to plant in the woods is the hydrangea. These may now be had in so many colors and varieties that one is well advised to plant them freely. If the soil is suitable, that is to say lime-free, rhododendrons and azaleas may well be planted. One is inclined to recommend the rhododendron species, for while these are not so large nor so showy as the hybrids, they have a particular charm of their own and seem better in place in the wild or semi-wild woodland garden than the others.

USE OF BULBS

Many shrubs will be found suitable and it is well to plant bulbs freely throughout the woodland. Daffodils never look so beautiful as when growing in these surroundings.

Given a little thought, the woodland garden may be made just as beautiful and just as interesting as the open situation, and it will not be following the lead of anyone else. It will, in fact, be a personal garden, reflecting the individual ideas of the owner.

DEGREE FOR GOVERNOR

Montreal, Feb. 20.—To his long list of honors, degrees and titles, the Earl of Bessborough yesterday evening added that of doctor of laws, honoris causa, of the University of Montreal. High church and state dignitaries were present at the formal bestowal of that title on the Governor-General.

FARM GROWTH IS REPORTED

Ottawa, Feb. 20.—Census returns show Canada has 728,244 occupied farms, an increase of 17,154 from 1921, it is reported by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Each of the western provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, recorded an increase, but Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island showed fewer occupied farms than ten years ago. The number of vacant farms in Canada was placed at 32,767. In the west, Manitoba showed an increase of 820, or 1.5 per cent. Saskatchewan increased its number of occupied farms to 136,370, or 14.3 per cent since 1921. Alberta showed the largest percentage increase in the prairie province, 17.7 per cent, the total jumping from 32,934 to 37,822. British Columbia showed the largest percentage increase of any province, 18 per cent, or 3,992 farms.

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Native Sons Suggest Number of Changes

Wish Parliament to Declare
For Native Canadian As
Governor-General and a
Flag For Canada

Canadian Press
Ottawa, Feb. 20.—The Native Sons of Canada yesterday presented a series of proposals to Premier Bennett, the chief suggestions being:
1. The name of a native-born Canadian should be submitted to the King by the Canadian Government when the King considers the appointment of a governor-general of Canada.
2. Steps should be taken to compel that a certain percentage of films on some Canadian theme should be shown at every film shown in Canada, taking the form of newsreels on Canadian topics.
3. Celebration annually in a national manner of December 11 as the anniversary of Canada becoming an independent nation by reason of the fact that the Statute of Westminster was passed December 11, 1931.
4. Ten per cent reduction in salaries of Dominion civil servants should not apply to government employees receiving less than \$1,500 a year.
5. Adequate punishment by imprisonment of members of brokerage firms, power corporations and the like for "financial piracy."
6. Titles should not be restored in Canada.
7. Action should be taken by the Dominion Government officially and formally to sanction a distinctively national Canadian flag.
8. Establishment of a federal bank "or so changing the banking system that the rate of interest on general loans will be substantially reduced."
9. Holding of an annual Dominion Day parade throughout Canada and request that the Minister of National Defence co-operate by requesting cadets, militia and volunteer regiments to invite all Canadians by birth to join in parades; display of Canadian decorations and fireworks; assistance by Dominion and provincial governments so that children will have special outings on these days and other action to instill a "wholesome national sentiment in the youth of Canada."
10. Preference to Canadian publications on Canadian railway trains.
11. Abolition of appeals to the Privy Council in London.

12. Steps to deport United States workers taking the place of Canadian workers.
13. Preference in the civil service to returned soldiers.
14. Preference in the civil service to native Canadians.
15. Opposition to bringing into Canada of any "youth labor."
16. Steps to insure that Canadians in the way of visas and other matters should receive the same treatment at boundary lines as is accorded to people of other nations, with the Dominion giving reciprocal treatment.
17. Approval of any conference with the provinces to consider changes in the Canadian constitution.
The memorandum was left with the Prime Minister by C. L. Boulanger, Liberal M.P. for Bellechasse, Quebec; Charles M. Woodsworth of Vancouver, and F. G. McDougall of Toronto.

TURN SAVINGS OVER TO BANKS

Manitoba Officials Completing
Transfer of People's
Provincial System

Canadian Press
Winnipeg, Feb. 20.—Winnipeg branches of the Manitoba provincial savings office remained closed to-day. Early this morning, D. G. Kennedy, inspector of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, announced the office would not open owing to the heavy accumulation of work caused by the rush of depositors to withdraw their money yesterday. It had been found physically impossible to catch up with book-keeping during the night.
BANKS TAKE ACCOUNTS
Yesterday morning Premier Bracken announced the office would go out of business and the accounts would be transferred to chartered banks of Canada. Despite his assurance and the assurance of the Canadian Bankers' Association that depositors' funds were absolutely safe, there was a long line-up of people at the local offices all day long to close out their accounts. Out-of-town branches of the savings office had no abnormal demands made on them and were open for business to-day.
It is expected the transfer of accounts to the banks will be completed by the first of next week.
Rumors which led to numerous withdrawals were given by Premier Bracken as the reason for the government's action. To meet the withdrawals the institution would have had to sell securities held by it against deposits at a loss owing to the condition of the bond market.

New Hats



Tempting Styles!
At Tempting Prices!

So excitingly new! The shiny straws, rough and pliable. The brimmed hat with "up-in-back" treatment. The "Gob" style with cuffed brim. The modified Sailor.

\$2.95 \$5.95 \$7.95

Angus Campbell & Co. Ltd.
1008-10 Government Street

QUEBEC SESSION ENDS

Quebec, Feb. 20.—Notable for its increases in taxation and its lengthy debate on the St. Lawrence waterway, the first session of the eighteenth Legislature of the province ended yesterday with a brief speech by Hon. H. G. Carroll, Lieutenant-Governor. Higher taxes were imposed on gasoline, corporations, railways, meals, amusements and bottled liquor.

Canada Approves

FROM coast to coast, Canadian smokers are becoming more and more decided in their preference for Winchester Cigarettes. More rapidly than any other Canadian cigarette, Winchesters have won their way to the top in public favour . . . there is something in knowing how to make cigarettes.

Winchester

CIGARETTES

Blended Right!

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited

Spring Flowers

Gardeners who want bloom in April and May are planting now. There never was a better time for planting of all kinds. Prices of trees, shrubs, roses, perennials, climbers and rock plants are lower than ever, and at our nursery the offerings are of unequalled variety. Our gardening organization will save you money, too, on all kinds of garden work.

Rockhome Gardens Ltd.

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John Hutchison, F.R.H.S. Norman Hunt, F.R.H.S. Garden Architects

Victoria Daily Times

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1932

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by
TIMES PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
Office: Corner Broad and Fort Streets
Business Office: Advertising, Telephone 4172
Circulation: By Mail (exclusive of city)—Canada, 7528
News Editor and Reporters: Telephone 4171

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
City Delivery: \$1 per month
By mail (exclusive of city)—Canada, \$1 per month
Great Britain and United States, \$1 per month
To France, Belgium, etc., \$1 per month

DOWN TO BUSINESS

MR. PATULLO INTRODUCED A refreshing innovation into the proceedings of the House on Thursday when he dismissed the Speech from the Throne in less than a minute. He said he could see nothing in the Speech to discuss, and suggested to the government that the House get down to the serious business of the session at once. At least two weeks of pointing with pride and viewing with alarm were thus dispensed with. Small wonder the Premier and his colleagues got the shock of their political lives and hardly knew what to do about it. When they finally recovered their breath the best they could do was to adjourn the debate to give themselves an opportunity to talk the matter over.

The government, of course, knows the opposition leader is keeping his powder dry for a major engagement at a later date. But Mr. Patullo's action, nevertheless, will have the approval of the public, which is not interested in the raking over of a lot of dead ashes during the debate on the Address, only to have them raked over again in the free-for-all which the budget generally provokes. What it wants, and Mr. Patullo's journeyings about the province has acquainted him with the state of the public mind, is a strictly businesslike session.

There will be much criticism of many of the government's policies. The taxpayers are alarmed about the state of the public finances and they expect from the government the fullest accounting. They are especially alarmed at the prospect of a further invasion of their pocket books. Hence, Mr. Patullo is serving the province well by making it possible for the government to bring its business before the Legislature at once.

ALL IN 100 YEARS

A MAN DIED AT THE AGE OF 103 THE other day. He was John R. Voorhis, who had been a political leader in New York and a judge. His remarkable span of life, with his mind keen until the end, has set commentators dilating on how the world has changed during his time.

When he was born in 1829, the industrial revolution in western Europe was still young and the first railway on this continent had just been completed. In Britain, the steam age was only getting under way, Catholic emancipation had but recently taken effect, and it was three years before the Reform Bill was passed. Weeks were required for an ocean voyage. The Napoleonic era had come to an end only fourteen years before, but Wellington was still a living personality as well as a name, going in and out of the British Premiership. Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel and Macaulay were establishing traditions in politics. It was thirty years before Charles Darwin published his "Origin of Species." Four decades had elapsed before Confederation in Canada, the Franco-German war, the establishment of the Third Republic in France, and before Morse began electrical telegraphy. It was half a century before the electric light and three-quarters of a century before the advent of the automobile, four-score years before the airplane and only a few years short of a century before the radio and Einstein. Of national disturbances, Voorhis's span was contemporaneous with the long list from the liberation in Greece in 1829 down through the Civil War and the Great War to last week's events in China.

What a century! It embraces for most of us the greater part of what is vivid in history. But to the philosophical historian it is revealed as one measure in a progressive acceleration in the tempo of western life and civilization. This is manifested in the social, political and occupational changes, culminating in the restlessness and almost utter uncertainty of the present. James Truslow Adams, the historian, in attempting to measure the constant rise in the tempo of human life down through history, has expressed it in "wave-length" fashion thus, 30,000, 3,000, 100, 10. By this he means that in the last ten years the tempo of life increased as much as it did in the preceding 100 years, which in turn concentrated in themselves what it required the preceding 3,000 years to show, while the gain in this second 3,000-year period was as much as required 30,000 years in the first period.

If this should keep up, what of one hundred years from now? Speculation unrestrained would be inadequate to forecast even in broad outline what some chronicler of posterity may find himself listing in the obituary survey of the years of another centenarian Voorhis, who might this year be making his start from birth. That is, if such things as have been happening since 1829 have not rendered utterly in vain all human prediction.

INNOCUOUS EXPLORING

ONE OF OUR OLDEST ILLUSIONS crashed with a fearful thud the other day when Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who collects dinosaur eggs and such-like in the Gobi desert, told an audience in New York that the explorer who comes back from the ends of the earth with a wild tale of great dangers met and surmounted is probably a pretty poor sort of explorer.

Modern equipment, Dr. Andrews explained, has taken most of the risk out of the explorer's job. A really competent explorer thus can go where he wants to go and see what he wants to see without having more than a very few moments of real danger. "Hardships and adventures," he added, "are nuisances to explorers."

Dr. Andrews ought to know, if anyone does. But it really seems too bad. If one can not find hair-raising adventure by going exploring, what is this world coming to, anyhow?

THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

WHEN IT PREDICTS THAT THE DE- liberations at the forthcoming Imperial Conference at Ottawa will take on an international as well as an empire aspect, The Montreal Star is not shooting very wide of the mark. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have been getting together recently and the three of them have issued a joint invitation to Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg—with an agreement for further adjustments to the main objective. These six countries, of course, have enjoyed intimate economic relations with Great Britain for many years and it is only natural they should desire to try to shape a trade course that will fit in with the Westminster government's new policy.

The key countries party to these conversations are the Scandinavian countries. Relatively, their population is small; but the value of their purchases of manufactured products from Great Britain is greater by many millions of pounds than any other foreign country. At the same time, it is realized that no new arrangement can be made between them and the British government until after the results of the Ottawa gathering are made public to the world. Then, however, as Britain's best foreign customers, they expect their case to be favorably considered.

In the case of Denmark, many of whose agricultural products compete in the British market with those of Canada, particularly butter, cheese and bacon, the latest figures show that in return for sales to Britain valued at approximately \$250,000,000, she buys only about \$50,000,000 worth. While Britain could produce more of these farm products herself, if she does not choose to do so it would seem to follow that she will make it easier for the empire countries to capture this market.

We refer only to these various shuffles in fiscal policy that Great Britain's trade bill is causing in countries with which she has been doing business for years to show how ramified the Ottawa deliberations are bound to be.

ANOTHER STRAW VOTE

FOR THE THIRD TIME IN TEN YEARS The Literary Digest is taking another straw vote on the subject of prohibition in the United States. It has circulated no fewer than 20,000,000 ballots and the first returns are published in the current issue of the magazine. They comprise a total so far received of 323,550, and of this number 272,265 favor repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, while 51,285 would continue the present "dry" law. Eight states only, however, have been heard from; but among them is Georgia, traditionally "dry" as part of the "dry" south, with more than two to one in favor of repeal. Ohio, called the "cradle of the Anti-Saloon League," shows 15,000 for repeal and only 6,000 for retention.

Laws are not altered by straw votes. But this one is being taken by the New York journal in presidential election years when both parties are at their wits' end to know what to do with the prohibition question. From the standpoint of politics it is loaded with T.N.T. Republicans and Democrats alike have been running away from it. There have been suggestions that both conventions should agree to have the matter submitted to the electorate in the form of a referendum, so that Congress would have a definite mandate. The suggestion does not seem to have made much headway for the reasons to which we have referred. But the result of the straw vote may give both parties the courage they seem to need.

EDUCATING THE ADULT

EDUCATION IS USUALLY SUPPOSED to be something for youth. The word calls up visions of public schools, high schools and colleges, with more or less eager youngsters flocking in to learn what they may about the life that lies ahead of them. But Professor Leon J. Richardson, director of the University of California Extension Division, points out that education for adults is one of the most important of the American university's tasks, and that extension courses for grown-ups are now being offered by nearly 450 American colleges and universities.

"By the modern theory," he says, "a nation must inevitably deteriorate unless it can depend on a body of citizens who continue to learn after school days are over and thus adapt themselves to the changing conditions of the world in which they live."

This is a theory—or, rather, an axiom, a self-evident fact—that we need to have called to our attention rather frequently. The growing complexity of the world has placed a great responsibility on the shoulders of the average citizen. A century or more ago a nation could get along very nicely if all hands left the understanding and direction of things to a small, specialized group at the top. The great mass of people never bothered about any problems not directly connected with the events of daily life—and the system worked out fairly well.

But those days are gone forever. We must not only learn all we can about the ins and outs of the daily job; we must, whether we like it or not, become informed about the entire world, because things that happen in far-away places on the other side of the globe can affect us in a profound and intimate way. It is often said that we need wise leadership in these complicated times. That is quite true; but wise leadership is powerless unless those whom it is to lead know what it is all about. Humanity has seldom had quite as many chances to go rushing down a steep place into the sea as it has to-day. The danger will not be avoided unless we of the rank and file keep mentally abreast of the times.

WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY

HITLER IN POWER
The Toronto Globe

There is now little doubt that Hitler could take over the reins of power whenever he believes it desirable to do so. But it does not necessarily follow that the final effect of a Hitler coup would be to make European affairs worse than they now are. Hitler, like Mussolini, is breathing fire and brimstone. But Hitler, like Mussolini, might talk and act quite differently once actually in power.

A THOUGHT

And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.—Hebrews x 17.
A coward never forgives.—Sterne.

Across The Bay

Everything is nicely arranged—everybody feels very good—even after smothering his best thoughts—and then Mr. Uphill has to go and spoil it all by calling a caucus of the Labor Party—all of which sits in Mr. Uphill's chair.

By H. B. W.

OF COURSE it was too good to be true. We who are hardened by long use to the ways of the House only wonder how we ever imagined, even for a day, that it could be true. We should have known better, even though all the outward and visible signs said that we were about to get down to business. We should have known that such a thing as getting down to business without a few preliminary gyrations, like a dog turning around three times before settling down in his bed, was impossible. We should have known, even if the government and the opposition didn't, that the debate on the Speech from the Throne wouldn't die to order.

THE DEBATE on the Speech from the Throne was condemned to die by the government and by the opposition. It was considered as good as dead, its funeral was to be brief and unceremonious. We were to thank the Lieutenant-Governor for a speech which no one was in the least thankful for, and we were to get on with the business. Everything had been arranged, everybody consulted—everything, that is, but Fernie and everybody but Fernie's redoubtable representative in this House, Mr. Uphill. And when Fernie and Fernie's Mr. Uphill had finished doing with us on Friday, we were sadder and wiser men. We hadn't got down to business and the debate on the Speech from the Throne had not died to order. It had suddenly sprung into new life and no one knows how long it may go on its garrulous, empty and expensive way.

IT ALL happened so quickly and so quietly that the strangers among us had no idea what was happening. Probably they knew as much as the rest of us. Anyway, when the House assembled Friday afternoon, the Premier, having pondered the matter overnight, and consulted official documents at 4 o'clock in the morning, as is his curious custom, concluded that Mr. Patullo had been right on the previous day. Mr. Patullo had suggested that the House suspend in this year of depression with the costly luxury of a debate on the Speech from the Throne, and the government was ready to accept the idea.

THE GOVERNMENT, said the Premier, had not accepted Mr. Patullo's proposal outright because it felt that it must consult its supporters; for some supporters, the Premier suggested, with an unconscious excess of truth, sometimes insisted on making speeches which the Premier evidently considered an inconvenient and incredible thing. However, with a heroism which Mr. Patullo hardly seemed to appreciate, the Premier's followers had all agreed to smother their best thoughts in the interest of the country. To this desperate measure they were doubtless impelled in part by the knowledge that they would have plenty of time to unsmother again later, when the budget came down. We are not foolish enough to believe that they will long remain smothered.

WITH A GENIAL Spanish sarcasm, of the variety which does not bite, the Premier thanked Mr. Patullo for praising the Speech from the Throne. The Premier, for his part, was not surprised that Mr. Patullo had found nothing in the Speech from the Throne. For, he said with a frankness which obviously was not intended, Mr. Patullo wouldn't have found anything in it, even if there had been anything in it. Perhaps noting Mr. Pooley's jaw drop at this unfortunate phraseology, the Premier hastened to add that he didn't say where he gave no directions for finding it and the real contents of the unhappy Speech from the Throne may never be discovered.

THE PREMIER was finished in about a minute and the whole debate on the Speech from the Throne had thus occupied only seventy-two minutes, an all-time low. Everybody sighed with relief. Mr. Speaker Davie prepared to put the curious motion thanking the Governor for his kind address. It looked as if he were going to get down to business after all.

ALL OF A sudden into the silence broke the rich Irish brogue of Mr. Uphill. Mr. Uphill, with a new solemnity, an unaccustomed earnestness, begged leave to adjourn the debate on the Speech from the Throne until Monday. Then we realized that, alas, someone had blundered. Someone always does. Someone had consulted all the Conservatives and all the Liberals and they were willing to smother their best sentiments within their bosoms. But nobody had thought to consult the third party, the Labor Party, the party of which Mr. Uphill is the buckler and shield and, indeed, the entire contents. No one had consulted Mr. Uphill, and Mr. Uphill was not smothering his best sentiments for anyone. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Uphill solemnly, "I have not yet caucused this here proposition." So Mr. Uphill will hold a caucus with himself over the week-end. He will ask himself whether the Labor Party has anything to say about the Speech from the Throne. He will appeal to himself on Monday. Then we realized that the House must get down to business, but not to forget, on the other, that he must not allow the truth to be stifled merely for the convenience of the forces which control this assembly. The Labor Party will caucus these burning questions privately in its little office under the dome, and as it walks home across the Causeway and eats its dinner. After adequate thought the Labor Party undoubtedly will wave its hands

KIRK'S Wellington COAL

Does Not Longer

G 3241

In that curious centrifugal fashion which has always marked its speeches, and it will go ahead with the debate on the Speech from the Throne. For so long as Tom Uphill of Fernie is the sword and buckler and entire contents of the Labor Party, all the King's horses and all the King's men are not going to smother any of its sentiments.

MR. UPHILL'S inconvenient party manoeuvre plunged everyone into deepest gloom. No one had any heart for anything. It wouldn't have been any good if anyone had, because there was no one to go on with anyway. There were only a few minor bills on the order paper, since the government had expected the debate on the Speech from the Throne to take up several days more. Altogether, for a Friday afternoon, the time which both parties always dedicate to their greatest efforts (to make good week-end reading for the electorate) it was very disappointing. Mr. Mattland had to write into his famous but unprintable diary that the House seemed to have Uphill work before it. But then, Mr. Mattland doesn't care what he writes into his diary, which isn't to be published until after his demise, lest it should hasten that event. Mr. Mattland once wrote into his diary that the speech of a certain eminent Conservative colleague presented long pauses between sentences and nothing between the words, but wild horses will never drag the identity of that colleague from this column.

WHEN MR. POOLEY introduced a bill re-cutting in half the annual \$200 fee of professional private detective agencies Mr. Mattland added another prize bit to his diary. He wrote that the government's very first official act this session was to reduce taxation. But unhappily so few of us are professional private detectives. When it comes to detecting what other taxes the government is going to decrease, most of us are not even very successful amateurs. We can detect nothing of the sort.

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

THE VICTORIA DAILY TIMES

February 20, 1907

Shortly after noon to-day the C.P.R. liner Empress of China, carrying the overseas mail, sailed from Vancouver. She will pass out on her way to the Orient about 5 p.m. The Empress is one day late in sailing, as she was scheduled to leave yesterday at noon.

With a cargo of dry salted herring from Nanaimo the steamer J. L. Card anchored at the outer wharf this morning. Her cargo is being transhipped to the Holt liner Tydens, bound for the Orient.

Steamer Chippewa, one of the new vessels purchased for the Puget Sound trade by the Alaska Steamship Company, sailed from Victoria for Seattle yesterday. The steamer is now en route to Seattle and was last heard from at Moniville.

Weather forecast—Victoria and vicinity—Moderate to fresh southerly and westerly winds, mostly cloudy with showers.

Secretary Cuthbert is busy on the tourist literature for the coming season. A synopsis of the "Outpost of the Empire" is being compiled and will have a wide distribution. In addition to this he has on hand several fine views taken in and about Victoria, which will be of the most attractive character.

On Saturday afternoon at Oak Bay Park another match in the Vancouver Island championship series of games will take place. It will be between the H.M.S. Ferris and Ladysmith, and the former team will put forth all its efforts to avenge its defeat of Saturday last.

Other People's Views

BALANCING THE BUDGET

To the Editor:—Canada's total debt, federal, provincial and municipal, has now reached the enormous sum of over five and a half billion dollars, or approximately \$550 per capita for every individual in the country.

Every year Canadians have to find over \$20,000,000 to pay the interest charges alone on this debt.

If the Dominion Government had confiscated the entire wheat crop of 1931, without any compensation to the farmers who produced it, it would not, at prevailing average prices, have paid more than seven months' interest on this debt.

No wonder Mr. Jones is having trouble in balancing his budget. Messrs. Smith, Brown, Robinson & Co. are experiencing the same difficulty.

H. A. BOWDEN.

110 Moss St., Victoria, B.C.

SPECIAL TAXES

To the Editor:—Judging by what we read in our local reports, one comes to the conclusion that it is the intention of the Hon. J. W. Jones, Minister of Finance, to increase taxation at the coming session. In this respect it should be pointed out there are many ways of increasing the revenue without hitting the workers so hard. If this should, by chance, meet the eye of the honorable minister, I would ask him not to increase the special revenue tax of 1 per cent on salaries up to \$100 a month, but increase it to 5 and 10 per cent on salaries over \$100 to \$2,000 and more per year. These are the ones who can very well afford to pay it. The 1 per cent on the small salaries at present is sufficient, as one must realize it is a struggle to meet all these taxes and

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Darwin rather than that of the inspired Word of God? What "Consistency" has to say with regard to the late Pastor Russell is merely repeating the base slanders and false accusations of the clergy of the present day. So it was in Christ's day. They persecuted Him, brought false accusations and finally crucified Him, and He warned His true followers they would receive the same treatment, and so it has been to the present day. A more pure, humble, lovable Christ-like character than the late Pastor Russell the world has never produced. A special Watch Service number was issued at the time of the separation of man and wife, in which it was stated that when he got married it was decided and mutually agreed between the two that they should live as brother and sister, and when mentioning his wife it was always as "Sister Russell." She assisted in the writing of the articles in The Tower until the course of time these became so impregnated with Socialist principles and because he refused to publish them she became so offended that she left him and the Bethel Home in Brooklyn. Pastor Russell could not provide for her because what money he received for his property in Allegheny was devoted to the cause of the association. However the association allowed her a sufficient sum to live wherever she pleased—these are the true facts of the case. It is also false to say she was divorced from her husband.

I tremble to think of the doom of false accusers in the great judgment day now near at hand.
JOHN C. MOLLETT
Fulford Harbor, February 17, 1932.

Chamber Group To Visit City Plants

The Canadian Products group of the Junior Chamber of Commerce will make a tour of inspection of the Bayliss Neon sign factory and the Carmichael silversmith factory on Wednesday next, in pursuance of their new

scheme to gain an insight into local industries.

The group will gather at 2 o'clock at the Chamber of Commerce and leave shortly afterwards to visit the plants.

CAMPAIGN FOR FLOUR SALES

Ottawa, Feb. 20.—A campaign to demonstrate to the people of Europe the value of Canadian wheat flour for bread making is under consideration of the Department of Trade and Commerce. Hon. H. H. Stevens, Minister of that department, so informed the Commons in committee of supply yesterday afternoon.

The details of the scheme were being worked out and announced by being premature as definite plans were lacking, he said. He had been greatly encouraged by similar campaigns carried out in the past, and he was of the opinion advertisement might play a leading part in a return to prosperity.

Mr. Stevens referred to the recent campaign to further the interests of a Canadian grape growers. The government had contributed financially and there had been remarkably successful results, he said. A campaign to popularize Canadian apples abroad and to stimulate interest in European in Canadian sea foods and in Canadian cattle had met with marked success.

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Union Bldg. 615 View Street

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IN November, 1925, M.R., holder of Monthly Income Policies Nos. 152,205 and 127,666 died. Every month since that time his widow has received a cheque for \$200 from The Mutual Life of Canada. During the past six years she has also received more than \$4,400 in excess interest dividends, and will continue to receive these dividends for the next fourteen years.

Her age when the payments started was 53. She will receive monthly cheques for \$200 AS LONG AS SHE LIVES.

If she does not survive to receive 240 payments the balance of this number will be paid to her heirs.

Money placed in a Mutual Life of Canada Monthly Income Policy is well-invested. It provides a steady, substantial income when it is needed most.

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Regimental Activities



Brigade orders by Lieut.-Col. T. B. Monk, V.D., commanding Fifth (B.C.) Coast Brigade, C.A.

Duties for week ending February 27:—Orderly officer, Lieut. C. B. Monk; next for duty, Lieut. W. G. Scott; orderly sergeant, L. Sgt. A. H. Johnson; next for duty, Sgt. J. Atkin. Parades—Paardeberg commemorative service, All units of the brigade will take part in the Paardeberg commemorative service, Fall in at 2 p.m. Dress: Blue, patrol and breeches. Decorations to be worn. Officers will wear awards. Band will attend.

All units of the brigade will parade under their respective battery commanders on Tuesday, February 23. Fall in at 7.55 p.m. Dress: Blue patrol and breeches.

Voluntary parades—Voluntary parades will be held daily, except Saturdays and Sundays for those unemployed O.R.'s of the brigade who wish to qualify as specialists. Fall in at 10.30 a.m. Dress: Muff.

Duties—Lieut. N. A. Robertson will assume duties as acting adjutant until further orders. Capt. S. J. Bowden is excused parade, being attending R.C.S.A. Esquimalt, B.C.

Annual Meeting Brigade Rifle Association—The annual meeting of the Brigade Rifle Association will be held on Tuesday, February 23, immediately following parade.

Officers' Mess Meeting—The monthly meeting of the officers' mess will be held in the mess on Friday, February 26, at 8 p.m. Dress: Full dress-uniform.

D.C.R.A. 1932 miniature series—The second shoot will take place on February 26, at 7.30 p.m.

Strength increase—The following O.R.'s are taken on strength and posted to battery, as under: No. 1178 Gnr. C. P. Schreiber, 55th Heavy Battery, February 16, 1932.

No. 3151 Gnr. G. M. Warren, 56th Heavy Battery, February 16, 1932.

S. R. BOWDEN, Captain and Adjutant Fifth (B.C.) Coast Brigade, C.A.

Battalion orders by Lt.-Colonel F. B. J. Brooke Stephenson, commanding 1st Battalion (16th C.E.F.), the Canadian Scottish Regiment.

Duties—Orderly duties for week ending February 29: Orderly officer, Lieut. J. D. Horne; next for duty, Lieut. J. B. Henderson; O.R. for duty, Sgt. M. C. Botten; next for duty, Sgt. S. L. Byng. Orderly corporal, Corp. W. Eaton; next for duty, Corp. H. Blyth.

Parades—The battalion will parade as follows: Monday, February 22 at 8 p.m. Dress, drill order. Thursday, February 25 at 8 p.m. Dress, drill order.

Training—Monday, February 22, Fall in, 8.10 p.m., inspection by O.C. 8.25, 9.30 p.m., training under company arrangements. Specialists and recruits in special classes. Thursday, February 25, miniature range sports.

Guard—The commanding officer wishes to thank those officers and O.R.'s of the battalion who turned out on the guard of honor for the opening of the Provincial Legislature, and congratulates them on their bearing and appearance.

Kit—All guard kit must be turned in to battalion stores at once.

Attestations—1375, Pte. H. J. McIntyre, "A" Coy., 12-2-32, 1376, Pte. G. H. Stevenson, "D" Coy., 15-2-32, 1377, Bdm. T. Crabbe, H.Q. Coy. (band), 15-2-32.

Discharges—1164, Pte. G. E. Bowen, "D" Coy., 908, L.-Cpl. G. E. Hill, "D" Coy.

S. HENSON, Major and Adjutant, 1st Bn. (16th C.E.F.), the Canadian Scottish Regiment.

11th FORTRESS SIGNAL CO., C.C.S. Orders by Lieut. B. Gwynne, O.C.

Parades—The unit will parade at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, March 23. A full attendance, in uniform, so that the commanding officer may explain his plans for the ensuing training period, and for further courses.

O.C. 11th Fortress Signal Co., C.C.S. NO. 13 FIELD AMBULANCE, C.A.M.C.

Inspection Parade—The unit will parade at the Bay Street Armories on Tuesday, February 23, at 7.45 p.m. prompt. Inspection by the D.O.C. M.D. No. 11, will take place. Dress: Drill order.

J. H. MOORE, Lieut.-Col. Commanding Company orders H. T. Co., 11th Divisional Train, C.A.B.C.

The company will parade on Tuesday, February 23, promptly at 8 p.m. at the Armories for pay, drill and lecture on the construction of mechanical transport vehicles. Dress: Drill order.

Vacancies exist for ex-service men and recruits, who will receive instruction in the maintenance and construction of mechanical transport vehicles. H. L. ROSE, Capt., Officer Commanding.

Royal Oak

Ten tables were in play at the card party held in Royal Oak Hall on Thursday evening by the Royal Oak Women's Institute. Prizes were won by Mrs. O'Brien and H. H. Reed, first; Miss Hewitt and S. Bobbett, second; and Miss Lock and Mr. Hervey, third. Hostesses for the evening were Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Carles. There will be a card party on Thursday, February 25, in place of the following week in Royal Oak Hall, under the auspices of the institute.

Metchosin

For the benefit of St. Mary's Church a travogue, illustrated with moving pictures of Canadian winter sports and scenic views of Canada and abroad, will be given at Metchosin Hall on Monday, February 29.

REQUESTS FOR GRANTS MADE

Agricultural Association and Publicity Bureau Ask Usual Amounts

Fair Hit by Federal Government's Cut: Tourist Plans Are Outlined

Delegations from the British Columbia Agricultural Association and the Victoria and Island Publicity Bureau appeared before the City Council, sitting as a public works committee yesterday afternoon, and requested that their annual grants be made as usual. The Agricultural Association receives \$5,000 and the Publicity Bureau \$25,000.

E. M. Whyte, president, and W. M. Mearns, secretary, appeared for the agricultural association. Mr. Whyte stated that last year the association staged one of the largest fairs in its history, but owing to weather conditions and other factors the financial returns were not what might have been expected. He referred to the fact that the federal government had eliminated its grant to the fair this year and also outlined economies which had been effected in the organization. The fair, he said, was of great value to Victoria in the way of publicity since prize lists were distributed as far south as California and throughout Western Canada. The association wished the moral support of the council in carrying out its work, he said.

Mr. Mearns presented financial statements showing the association's position in this regard.

PUBLICITY BUREAU The publicity bureau delegation was represented by ex-Mayor Herbert Anson, president, who declared he was appearing on behalf of the only subsidiary to the city's business, which was showing a profit. While other bodies required more revenues at the present time, the bureau wished only a usual grant. He stressed the fact that periods of economic depression were not times when reductions should be made in advertising appropriations.

He pointed to prospects for a unusually successful season for tourists from the United States owing to the exchange rate which would serve as an attraction for persons from the other side of the world. He also quoted opinions of economic experts to show that United States people would prefer Canada to Europe for their vacations this year.

Salaries of all key men in the organization had been reduced ten per cent in accordance with the civic policy, he announced.

In conclusion, he requested an early decision on the question owing to the need of drawing up the bureau's budget within a short time.

In answer to a question from Alderman R. T. Williams he stated the salary of the publicity commissioner had been reduced along with the others.

R. W. Mearns appeared with Mr. Anson.

The council promised due consideration of the requests.

CONFERENCE ON SALARY PLANS

Council Will Try to Solve Deadlock Between Civic Spending Bodies

Firemen Do Not Feel They Should Take First Step in Cutting Wages

Mayor Leeming was requested by the City Council yesterday afternoon to call a joint meeting of the city school trustees, police commissioners and representatives of the firemen union to discuss the question of salary reductions.

The conference, it is understood, will be held some time next week.

The action became necessary when a deadlock developed between the fire department, police department and schools with respect to the question of wage cuts. It appears that the controlling bodies in each case are waiting for the others to take the first step in reductions.

The conference held between the fire warden's committee of the City Council and representatives of the firemen union on Thursday afternoon brought things to a head. Alderman T. W. C. Hawkins, chairman of the fire warden's committee, stated yesterday his committee had been met frankly with questions about the action of the School Board and Police Commission on salaries. Moreover the firemen have an agreement extending until March, 1933, covering wages and do not feel they should make the initial move in accepting a reduction.

EACH BODY WAITING "Each of these bodies is waiting to see what the other two are going to do. They won't get anywhere by that attitude," he said.

Alderman Hawkins then moved that the fire warden's committee arrange a meeting and it was suggested the library commissioners be included. This was carried.

"HUNGER MARCH" TO BE ORDERLY

Men on Relief Here Will Be Allowed Half-day to Join Parade on Tuesday

Details of the "hunger march" by which unemployed men intend to impress upon the provincial government their demands for help were revealed to the public works committee of the City Council yesterday afternoon by representative of the local branch of the National Unemployed Workers' Association, who requested that the men be given Tuesday afternoon off from relief work to join in the parade.

The demonstration, he said, would be of an orderly nature. Between 150 and 200 men were expected from the mainland and up-land points. They would arrive Monday and leave Tuesday night or Wednesday morning.

LEGISLATURE COMMITTEES

Standing committees of the Legislature were announced yesterday, as follows: Municipal matters—Reginald Hayward (chairman), R. W. Alward, W. R. Rutledge, T. H. Kirk, George Heggie, A. W. Gray, L. A. Hanna and P. J. MacPherson. Public Accounts—Jack Loutet (chairman), H. D. Twigg, J. H. Beatty, W. R. Rutledge, N. Spencer, C. M. Kingston, G. E. MacNaughton, W. H. Sutherland, G. S. Pearson, A. M. Manson, T. D. Pattullo and H. F. Kergin. Railways—N. Spencer (chairman), R. W. Alward, E. C. Carson, W. H. Sutherland and Thomas King. Agriculture—J. W. Berry (chairman), E. C. Carson, J. H. Beatty, G. Heggie, R. Mackenzie, T. Uphill, H. C. Winch, P. M. MacPherson and J. J. Gillis. Private Bills—H. D. Twigg (chairman), J. Loutet, J. W. Cornett, Wilfrid Dick, J. H. Beatty, A. M. Manson, L. A. Hanna and H. F. Kergin. Mining—L. E. Borden (chairman), J. Fitzsimmons, H. Schofield, J. Lister, T. Uphill, H. F. Kergin and J. J. Gillis. Forestry—G. K. MacNaughton (chairman), J. Fitzsimmons, M. Manson, F. Lister, H. F. Kergin, A. W. Gray and L. A. Hanna. Fisheries—N. Spencer (chairman), G. K. MacNaughton, M. F. Macintosh, M. Manson, L. A. Hanna and H. C. Winch. Printing—T. H. Kirk (chairman), J. H. Schofield, M. F. Macintosh and Thomas King.

OUTINGS FOR YEAR PLANNED

Island Section of Alpine Club of Canada Draws Up Ambitious Programme

On March 5 members of the Vancouver Island section of the Alpine Club of Canada will open an ambitious programme of twenty-four outings during the year with a visit to, and climb up, Mount Jeffrey. It was revealed in the schedule of the club announced yesterday evening.

Several districts formerly unexplored by the club will be visited this year and several splendid climbs are promised. C. L. Harrison, Guy Shaw and K. M. Chadwick were named expedition leaders.

The complete schedule for the year follows: Saturday, March 5, Mount Jeffrey; Sunday, March 13, Mount McGuire; Saturday, March 19, Sooke Canyon; Sunday, March 26, inclusive, Snowy Camp, Lake of the Seven Hills; Sunday, April 2, Mount Beavert; Sunday, April 9, Cougar Lake, Sooke Hills; April 23-24, Reconnaissance Camp, Lake of Seven Hills; April 30, May 1, Mount Maxwell and Bruce, Salt Spring Island; May 8, Mount Jocelyn; May 14, "Killarney" Lake, picnic, and Mount Work; June 3, 4, 5, opening day at The Hut, Lake of the Seven Hills; June 18-19, Mount Braden; June 23-26, Mount Trap; July 1-3, Lake of Seven Hills; July 9-10, summer camp, Forbidden Plateau, near Circle Lake; July 31, Mount Trou-haleam; August 12, 20, 21, Mount Arrow-smith; September 2-5, Snowy Lake; September 11, Mount Newport and beach picnic; September 17 and 18, Lake of Seven Hills; September 24, Mount Helmcken; October 2, Partridge Hills, and Thanksgiving week-end camp at Lake of Seven Hills; October 22, Saddle Hills; November 11, 12 and 13, Lake of Seven Hills. The annual dinner will take place at the Beach Hotel March 30, with the club president, A. O. Wheeler, presiding. June 3, 4, 5, opening day at The Hut, Lake of the Seven Hills; June 18-19, Mount Braden; June 23-26, Mount Trap; July 1-3, Lake of Seven Hills; July 9-10, summer camp, Forbidden Plateau, near Circle Lake; July 31, Mount Trou-haleam; August 12, 20, 21, Mount Arrow-smith; September 2-5, Snowy Lake; September 11, Mount Newport and beach picnic; September 17 and 18, Lake of Seven Hills; September 24, Mount Helmcken; October 2, Partridge Hills, and Thanksgiving week-end camp at Lake of Seven Hills; October 22, Saddle Hills; November 11, 12 and 13, Lake of Seven Hills. The annual dinner will take place at the Beach Hotel March 30, with the club president, A. O. Wheeler, presiding.

For those laying plans now for the summer, no more pleasant or possibly profitable way of spending it could be devised than camping and prospecting for gold in the dry belt of British Columbia.

This was the advice of George E. Winkler, president of the Vancouver Island Prospectors' Association, in delivering a special address at the meeting of the organization yesterday evening.

"Hunting for placer gold is the most fascinating occupation in the world," said Mr. Winkler.

There were a few drawbacks, however, to spending the days and nights out in the wilds of the dry belt. Mr. Winkler said it must be remembered. Among these drawbacks he named rattlesnakes and other snakes, and the ticks, while on the higher levels bears were encountered. But against the disadvantages of these, he pointed out that birds were plentiful, along with rodents such as the rabbit, gopher and beaver.

The rainfall for the Okanagan dry belt was only about twelve inches a year, Mr. Winkler said. He showed a series of slides bringing out the beauty of the country around Okanagan Lake and the boundary district.

Dealing with the mineral wealth to be found there, Mr. Winkler emphasized that the Hedley Mine alone had produced some \$12,000,000 worth of gold, while smaller mines have produced a large aggregate of wealth. There are also many valuable placer deposits such as hydro-magnetite and beautiful granites, he declared. The Granby organization, he pointed out, developed or brought control of in that area some of the largest copper deposits in British Columbia. Besides these, there are important placer mines. The many placer miners working away netting a fair wage by washing gold. Thomas Golby presided and led in the appreciation voiced by the meeting of Mr. Winkler's address.

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FUR TRADERS' QUARREL TOLD

Lives of Sir George Simpson and Dr. John McLoughlin Outlined Here

Prof. W. N. Sage Addresses B.C. Historical Society

The story of the lives and the quarrel of Sir George Simpson and Dr. John McLoughlin, two of the most prominent figures in the early fur-trading days of the Northwest, was outlined by Professor W. N. Sage, of the University of British Columbia, in a lucid address given yesterday evening before the B.C. Historical Society in the Provincial Archives.

Simpson and McLoughlin were two of the greatest men in the history of the Northwest fur trade and also two of the best men the Hudson's Bay Company ever had, said Professor Sage at the opening of his address. The speaker secured a good deal of his material from the local archives and was strong in his praise of them and of the painstaking care taken by the staff.

When Simpson and McLoughlin came together the former was senior governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the latter had been a prominent officer in the employ of the Northwest Company. Three years after the union of the two companies in 1821, McLoughlin was given the control of the territory from California to Alaska and from the Rockies to the Pacific, and held the post for twenty-two years till his resignation in 1843.

Simpson was described as a brilliant executive and McLoughlin as a brilliant administrator.

WHY THEY QUARRELLED But the ground was prepared from the beginning for the seeds of discontent. In the first place, McLoughlin was a Northwesterner, the speaker pointed out, and not only had the natural feeling of rivalry in spite of the union, but also a feeling that he and his company had been given a raw deal in the union.

Then there was a difference in policy. McLoughlin had his old company's liking for forts and wanted them all along the coast to meet the dangerous rivalry from the American traders. But Simpson believed in the old "Beaver" for carrying on trading and considered a ship plying along the coast and trading was of more value than a string of forts. He gave orders accordingly.

The speaker advanced a suggestion that a personal question had been reckoned with. McLoughlin was down-rugged, six feet four. Simpson was suave, a giant intellectually and five foot six. It was likely that McLoughlin did not relish orders from Simpson.

The whole matter flamed up in 1828 when John McLoughlin Jr., the son of the Chief Factor and the boss at a B.C. post, was murdered. Simpson tried to hush the whole matter and in doing so put young McLoughlin in a bad light as a drunkard and a profligate, said Professor Sage. This, of course, angered the father, who attacked Simpson and his reputation personally by means of letters to Simpson and to the governors at home.

Simpson was not backward in accepting the challenge. He appeared that all along he had felt McLoughlin was not conducting his job in the most efficient way, not so much because he lacked energy as because he lacked system.

Another setback came McLoughlin's way a little later and added to the feeling that he was being deserted by his superiors. He had advanced \$6,000 to destitute American settlers in his territory out of the company's fund, meaning it apparently as a "long term loan." But when he sent a statement of this expenditure to headquarters, it was not honored and McLoughlin was made to pay out of his own pocket.

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Professor Sage at the outset of his address gave some facts about the earlier life of the two principals. Simpson was born in Ross, Scotland, in 1792 and came into the Athabasca country in 1820 by Lord Selkirk. He made the Atlantic crossing in thirty-one days, which he called a quick but tempestuous voyage. He referred to Montreal as a filthy, irregular place.

After only one year in the Athabasca he was made junior governor-in-chief and served in this position the year the union between his company and the Northwesters was effected. The senior governor, William Williams, was suddenly not to be found and Simpson took his place. It was then said that the "Northwest" was beginning to be ruled with an iron rod.

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His relatives of Sir George Simpson were very much in evidence. They were Mrs. George Simpson Sr., George Simpson, Mrs. George Simpson Jr. and George Simpson Jr.

John Hest moved the vote of thanks to the speaker, and the president of the society, was in the chair.

GRAVES HEADS PRESS GALLERY Elected President of Legislature Reporters at Meeting Yesterday

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NEW OF CITY AND SUBURBAN CHURCHES

FAMILIES AT METROPOLITAN

Morning Service To-morrow Will Be of Unusual Character

Rev. E. F. Church to Discuss Shanghai War To-morrow Evening

"A Family Service" will be featured at Metropolitan Church to-morrow morning, when mothers and daughters and fathers and sons will attend together. Miss Patsy Stipe from the girls' department will speak on girls' work, and Donald McLean will speak on boys' work. Rev. J. H. A. Warr, the assistant pastor, will conduct the services and give a brief address on "The Man of Tomorrow."

WAR IN FAR EAST

At the evening service Rev. E. F. Church will preach on "Geneva or Shanghai," and will review the battle of negotiations being waged between Europe and Asia as one upon which hangs the destiny of the whole race. Mr. Church will point out that the eyes of the world are upon Japan and that League of Nations, and that every peace-loving heart is asking who will win?

The music will include the anthem, "Savior, Thy Children Keep" (Sullivan); duet, "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling" (Stainer), by Mrs. T. H. Johns and Wilfrid Johns, and the anthem, "Savior, Thy Children Keep" (Hanforth).

ON MONDAY EVENING

At 8 o'clock, the Young People's Society will meet in the schoolroom, when Douglas Macdonald will present a series of interesting moving pictures, including "The Cradle of Civilization," "The Holy City," "Fables of the Bible," "The Magic," and "A Trip to Mount Rainier." The three last named were produced and finished in Victoria.

BEATITUDES TO BE EXPLAINED

First Baptist Church to Hear of Martyrdom of Stephen

At the First Baptist Church to-morrow morning, Rev. G. A. Reynolds will speak on "The Inhabitants of the Kingdom," taking his text from Matthew 23. In considering the beatitudes the pastor will seek to interpret their true meaning, and show that they are neither a creed nor a dogma, but are qualities of life. The choir will sing "Still, Still With Thee," a new song by Roxie McConaughy.

At the evening service the pastor will preach on "Faithful Unto Death," this sermon will deal with the trial and death of the martyr Stephen, as given in Acts 7. The choir will sing "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," and Mrs. Weston will sing "Abide With Me," by Seymour Ellis.

"Near, Yet Far"

At New Thought Temple

At the New Thought Temple to-morrow morning, Mrs. Nuna Warr will speak at the morning service on "Near and Yet So Far." Miss Nuna Warr will render solo selections during the service. There will also be a brief healing period.

The Sunday School will be held by George Hallett at 11 o'clock. The theme of the evening address will be "The Use and Abuse of Riches." Mrs. L. R. Towler will be the vocal soloist and Miss Nuna Warr will render solo selections.

Anglican Services

St. Mary's Church

ELGIN ROAD, OAK BAY
SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT
Holy Communion at 8 a.m.
Ordination and Holy Communion at 11 a.m.
Evening Service at 7 p.m.
Sunday School at 10 a.m.
Wednesday Lenten Service at 8 p.m.
Address by the Archdeacon
Thursday, Holy Communion at 10:30 a.m.
Sunday School at 10 a.m.
Rev. Canon A. E. del. NUNNS

St. John's Church

QUADRA STREET
8 a.m.—Holy Communion
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer, Sermon by the Rev. Canon Chadwick
7:30 p.m.—Evening Service, Sermon by Rev. A. Gardiner
Sunday School—10 a.m.
A.Y.P.A. Bible Class and Confirmation Class—2:30 p.m.

Tells Works Of Great Prophets

At the "The Works of the Christian and Missionary Alliance," Rev. Daniel Walker will preach to-morrow morning on "They That Know Their God Shall Be Strong and Do Exploits." He will quote some of the Old Testament prophets as examples of what may be accomplished by knowing God. At the evening service the pastor will preach on "The Price of Our Redemption."

YOUNG PEOPLE OFFER CONCERT

First United Church Young People Entertain Monday Evening

On Monday evening at 8 o'clock the young people's department of First United Church will hold its annual spring concert in the schoolroom of the church. Some of the city's outstanding talent will assist in the programme, which will include the following numbers: Pianoforte solo, Miss Kathleen and William Irvine; songs, Miss Doris Rawlings; brass quartette led by C. H. Raine; violin solo, H. S. Wakeham; songs, Miss Marjorie Watson; gold medalist, sketch, the Eagles' class; vocal duets, Misses Ina Easton and Elsie Robinson; piano solo, Miss Ruth Lewis; vocal trio, Miss Rita and Edith Hood and Rossiter; character skit, Bob Wright; instrumental trio, Messrs. Wakeman and Veck, violins, and Miss C. H. Raine, piano; playlet, "Norma's Students," brass quartette, direction of C. H. Raine, and glee by the nurses' choir. The accompanists will be J. Smith and the Misses Dorothy Morton and Kathleen Irvine.

THE CONCERT WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

and the proceeds will be devoted to the Missionary and Maintenance Fund of the young people's department. George Gordon, president, will act as chairman.

"PATH OF JUST" AT ST. ANDREW'S

Rev. H. P. S. Luttrell Will Discuss Memory Importance To-morrow Morning

To-morrow morning Rev. H. P. S. Luttrell will preach on "The Importance of the Memory in Christian Culture" (John 15:26). At the evening service the sermon subject will be "The Path of the Just" (Proverbs 10:1).

The morning soloist will be George Guy, who will sing Dudley Buck's "Fear Ye Not, O Israel." The choir will sing Ernest Nichols' anthem, "The Spacious Firmament," the solo by Miss Isabelle Crawford.

In the evening, the quartette, "Come Unto Him" will be sung by Mrs. G. A. Downard, Mrs. P. W. Hawes, William Draper and Arnold W. Trevett. The anthem will be "O Worship the King," by E. Vine-Hall.

The Young People's Society will hold its dedication service on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The speaker will be Ira Dilworth. An invitation is extended to all the members of the church and their friends. Refreshments will be served at the conclusion of the meeting.

REVELATION SERIES CLOSES

Rev. O. M. Sanford Will Discuss Apocalypse at Victoria West

At Victoria West United Church to-morrow morning, Rev. O. M. Sanford will preach on "The Conservation of Religious Resources." In the evening the final sermon in the series on "Revelation" will be given, the special subject being "The Fulfillment of Apocalyptic—The City of God." The choir will render an anthem, and George Guy will sing "The Holy City."

The Young People's Society of Victoria West United Church held a very interesting meeting on Wednesday evening when W. Caley gave a review of "Lorna Doone," the most famous of Blackmore's works. A sketch of Blackmore's life was given by Arthur Wright and H. Mickelson gave the geographical setting in Devon and Somerset, England.

On Friday evening next the Young People of James Bay society will present a play, "The Adventures of Grandpa," in the social hall of Victoria West Church.

SPIRITUALISTS TO HEAR ZENOR

Special services will be held to-morrow at the Spiritual Science Temple, 1414 Douglas Street, when a series of lectures will be commenced by Richard Zenor, the youngest boy medium of the National Federation of Science Churches, and will lecture to-morrow evening on "Power of Man and What is Vibration." Questions will be answered at the close.

Zenor visited Victoria last June, and answered religious questions as soon as they were asked. He will give demonstrations of a different nature when the lecture is through.

On Monday and Tuesday, at 8 o'clock there will be other special meetings of demonstrations and lectures.

Brazen Serpent To Be Theme at Gorge

At the Gorge Presbyterian Church to-morrow morning, Rev. A. O. Thomson will speak on "The Brazen Serpent."

Reginald Scoble will give an illustrated message in the evening at 7 o'clock. Questions will be answered at the conclusion of the service.

The minister will conduct evening worship at Erskine Church at 7 o'clock.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE



It was a fervent call for an end to all wars that the Archbishop of Canterbury was making when this remarkable picture was taken at Geneva, Switzerland. His stirring plea struck the keynote of the world disarmament conference.

Lesson-sermon Theme Is "Mind" ENGLISH MUSIC AT CATHEDRAL

The subject of the lesson-sermon in all Christian Science churches and societies to-morrow will be "Mind." Among Bible texts included in the lesson-sermon will be the following from Psalms xxxiii 10-11: "The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought; He maketh the devices of the people of none effect. The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations."

The lesson-sermon will also include the reading of citations from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health," by Mary Baker Eddy, one passage being as follows: "Corporal sense defrauds and lies; it breaks all the commands of the Monistic Decalogue to meet its own demands. How then can this sense be the God-given channel to man of divine blessings or understanding?"

GOD OF YOUTH AT FAIRFIELD

Rev. Hugh Nixon Will Portray Aspects of Jesus' Courage To-morrow

At Fairfield United Church to-morrow morning Rev. Hugh Nixon will preach on "Jesus Facing Life's Alternatives." He will point out the daring, courageous spirit of the Master in a number of life decisions.

In the evening, at 7:30, the pastor will give his subject "A Young Man's God." The morning soloist will be Ivan Green, and Mrs. John Kyle will be the soloist for the choir at both services.

AUDIENCE PROVIDES SPEAKER'S SUBJECT

At the First Spiritual Church, Sons of England Hall, Broad Street, Rev. F. Frampton will take both the services to-morrow. The afternoon circle at 3 o'clock will combine healing, clairvoyance and spiritual development.

At the evening service at 7:30 o'clock the address subject will be taken from the audience. There will be messages and clairvoyance at the close of the service.

On Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock

a public message circle will be held at 926 Fort Street.

Spiritual Science Temple

1414 DOUGLAS STREET
Sunday, 3 p.m.—Open Discussion
7:30 p.m.—

ZENOR

THE BOY WONDER
Trance Lecture Subject:
"POWER OF MAN"

and
"WHAT IS VIBRATION?"

Messages at Close
Monday, 8 p.m.—Messages and Lecture
Tuesday, 8 p.m.—Messages and Lecture
Private Readings Daily. All Welcome
Further Announcements at the Hall
Do Not Miss This Speaker—He Is Good

British-Israel Association

Gordon Block, 730 Yates Street
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, at 8 p.m.
An Address by
W. H. BLACKALL

Subject

"ISRAEL IN THE NEW TESTAMENT"

Visitors Are Welcome
A Lending Library for the Use of Members
A Lecture Over C.I.O.R. Sunday at 5 o'clock

First Church of Christ Scientist

Chambers and Pandora Avenue
This Church is a Branch of The Mother Church of Christ Scientist in Boston, Massachusetts
Sunday Services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Subject

"MIND"

Sunday School
9:45 a.m. and 11 a.m.
Testimonial Meetings, Wednesday at 8 p.m.
Reading Room and Lending Library
115 Bayview Building
All Are Welcome

GOSPEL HALLS

REDFERN STREET HALL—1660 REDFERN ST.
Street, off Oak Bay Ave. Sunday, February 21, Evening service, 7:30 o'clock.
Pent. Sing. subject, "The Fruit of Justification." 7:15 bright song service. A hearty welcome to all.

OPEN FORUM

OPEN FORUM—1415 Broad St. Sunday, 7:30 p.m. Prof. Cuthberts of U.B.C. Subject, "International Finance."

LIBERAL CATHOLIC

CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE, 1039 CLARE ST.—4 p.m. Communion and address: Prayer.

LEGISLATURE IS SUBJECT

City Temple to Hear Dr. Clem Davies Review Local Problems

To-morrow evening at the City Temple, Dr. Clem Davies will give his annual message on the legislative session. The recent Sunday evening messages of Dr. Davies have encompassed world affairs and to-morrow evening's utterance will still be characterized by a world outlook, although local problems will be touched upon.

Continuing his morning series on health, Dr. Davies will take for his topic "The Healing Miracles of Christ." Capacity congregations are overflowing the City Temple auditorium on Sunday evenings and it is difficult to secure a seat after the service opens.

A preserve orchestral programme to be rendered under the direction of Sidney Rogers, will incorporate a brief song service.

At the Temple Brotherhood in the afternoon the speaker will be Rev. G. A. Reynolds, pastor of First Baptist Church. The soloist will be Miss Mona Bradford.

The anthem at the morning service will be Attwood's "Teach Me, O Lord," while that for the evening will be "The Sun Shall Be No More," by Woodward.

At this latter service Miss Edith Howell will sing the soprano solo "Jesus Only."

At the weekly family gathering next Friday George J. Warren, publicity commissioner, will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Vancouver Island."

Presbyterian Church in Canada

"Forasmuch as the Assembling of Yourselves Together as the Master of Some Is"

ST. ANDREW'S Presbyterian Church

Minister, Rev. B. F. S. Luttrell, B.A. Organist and Choirmaster, James A. Longfield
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21
Sunday School, 9:45 o'clock
The Minister Will Officiate and Preach at Both Services
Morning Service, 11 o'clock
Sermon

"THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MEMORY IN CHRISTIAN CULTURE"

Solo—"Fear Ye Not, O Israel," by Dudley Buck
George Guy
Anthem—"The Spacious Firmament," by Ernest Nichols
Solo—Abraham Crawford
Evening Service, 7:30 o'clock
Sermon—"THE PATH OF THE JUST"

Quartet—"Come Unto Him," by E. Vine-Hall
William Draper, Arnold W. Trevett
Anthem—"O Worship the King," by E. Vine-Hall
A hearty invitation is extended to all to come and join in these services

St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Victoria West

REV. G. F. COX, Minister
10 a.m.—Craigholme Sunday School
11 a.m.—Bible Class of the "Pit"
2 p.m.—Girls' Bible Class
3:30 p.m.—St. Paul's Sunday School
7:30 p.m.—"The First Get-Rich-Quick Man"

The Minister Will Preach at Both Services
Mr. Chas. Dallimore, Organist
Private Readings—Thursday, 8 p.m.
A Cordial Invitation Is Extended to All These Services

Knox Presbyterian Church

Corner Stanley and Gladstone
Minister—REV. J. S. PATTERSON
Sunday School—9:45 o'clock
Morning Worship—11 o'clock
Evening Worship—7:30 o'clock
Organist and Choirmaster—Mr. Lawton Partington

COME TO CHURCH

"Can We Have Again the Revival of 1857? Yes!"

All Interested in the "Old Time" Religion will be heartily welcomed
Friday, 8 p.m.—Testimony Meeting

Church of the Messiah

(Un denominational)
Eagle Hall, 1319 Government Street
The above church will be opened on Sunday, 7:30 p.m., by Rev. Douglas Bevan, whose subject will be "Can We Have Again the Revival of 1857? Yes!"

ANOTHER Evangelistic Service

"WHY JESUS MUST COME"

1. To Receive His Own
2. To Release the Body
3. To Reveal Israel
4. To Reveal the Nations
5. To Reveal the Wicked
6. To Reveal as King
7. To Restore All Nature
This Meeting Begins at 7:30 p.m. Sunday, at

PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLY

1318 Broad Street
Any Car or Bus Will Bring You to Our Services

CITY TEMPLE

Minister—REV. CLEM DAVIES, B.A., B.D., D.D.
842 North Park Street
11 a.m.

"The Healing Miracles of Christ"

Anthem—"Teach Me, O Lord," by Attwood

TEMPLE BROTHERHOOD

Speaker—REV. G. A. REYNOLDS
Soloist—Miss Mona Bradford
7:30 p.m.

"The Legislative Session"

Anthem—"The Sun Shall Be No More," by Woodward
Soprano Solo—"Jesus Only," by Miss Edith Howell
Prelude, Orchestral and Song Service
COME, WHETHER YOU HAVE OFFERING OR NOT

Oak Bay Pastor Offers Parable

At Oak Bay United Church to-morrow morning, Rev. W. A. Guy will speak to the juniors on "The Master Calls—What Does He Want?" The sermon subject will be "God Breaks Through."

The evening address will be in the form of a parable, "The Dredging of the Harbor."

On Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the auditorium, J. G. Brown will give his popular travelogue, "Through England and Scotland." This lecture on a former occasion touched a high level of interest and the illustrated reminiscence about England and Scotland is expected to appeal to great numbers.

REV. D. BEVAN WILL OPEN CHURCH HERE

Rev. Douglas Bevan, British revivalist, will open the Church of the Messiah at the Eagles' Hall to-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Bevan recently arrived from England. He was born in Liverpool and has had much experience in revival work, having been personally acquainted with Jeremy Manfully of Connor, Ireland, who started the Revival of 1859.

Mr. Bevan has aided revivals in Ireland, England and Scotland. He assisted in the Evangelist Roberts revival and also with Dr. Torrey's revival in Liverpool.

UNITY CENTRE

739 Yates Street
11 a.m.—Speaker, MISS GORDON GRANT
Subject—"SILENT MASTERS"
7:30 p.m.—Speaker, MR. CHAS. BALZETT
Subject—"THE POWER OF MIND"
Sunday School at 11 a.m.
Mr. Harold Pratt, Superintendent
Reading-room Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Office, 2 to 4 p.m.

Emmanuel Baptist Church

Corner Fernwood and Gladstone
Rev. M. B. Richardson, M.A., Pastor
Mr. George Green, Choir Director
Mrs. W. S. Stewart, Organist
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Sermon
"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"

Anthem—"Agony De," by De Monti
11:15 a.m.—Mission Band
6:30 p.m.—B.Y.F.U.

"WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?"

Anthem—"Turn Thy Face From My Sin," by Attwood
Solo—Ferry Hill

First Baptist Church

QUADRA AT MASON ST.
REV. G. A. REYNOLDS, Minister
OLIVER R. STOUT, Organist and Choirmaster
11 a.m.
"THE INHABITANTS OF THE KINGDOM"

Anthem—"Still, Still With Thee," by E. Vine-Hall
Solo—Abraham Crawford
Evening Service, 7:30 o'clock
Sermon—"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH"

Anthem—"The King of Love My Shepherd Is," by Shelley
Solo—Abraham Crawford
Mrs. J. V. Weston
A Cordial Invitation Is Extended to All

ANOTHER Evangelistic Service

"WHY JESUS MUST COME"

1. To Receive His Own
2. To Release the Body
3. To Reveal Israel
4. To Reveal the Nations
5. To Reveal the Wicked
6. To Reveal as King
7. To Restore All Nature
This Meeting Begins at 7:30 p.m. Sunday, at

PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLY

1318 Broad Street
Any Car or Bus Will Bring You to Our Services

CITY TEMPLE

Minister—REV. CLEM DAVIES, B.A., B.D., D.D.
842 North Park Street
11 a.m.

"The Healing Miracles of Christ"

Anthem—"Teach Me, O Lord," by Attwood

TEMPLE BROTHERHOOD

Speaker—REV. G. A. REYNOLDS
Soloist—Miss Mona Bradford
7:30 p.m.

"The Legislative Session"

Anthem—"The Sun Shall Be No More," by Woodward
Soprano Solo—"Jesus Only," by Miss Edith Howell
Prelude, Orchestral and Song Service
COME, WHETHER YOU HAVE OFFERING OR NOT

CANON HITCHCOX PASTOR TELLS OF MAN SAVED

Garrison Church, Esquimalt, will be Holy Communion at 8:00 o'clock. Matins and military parade at 10:30 a.m. Evensong at 7:00 o'clock.
Rev. Harry V. Hitchcox, rector of St. Paul's, Nanaimo, will preach at both services.
On Wednesday an evening service will be held at 8:00 o'clock.

WILL JAPAN BE OUTLAW NATION

Rev. W. G. Wilson Offers Study of Sino-Japanese Problem To-morrow

Rev. W. G. Wilson, D.D., will preach at both services in First United Church to-morrow. His morning subject will be "Listening In." At the evening service his theme will be "Will Japan Become an Outlaw Nation?"

There will be special music by the choir at both services.

To-morrow morning at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Rev. G. F. Cox will preach on "Lifted Out of the Pit," presenting a true story of a man in desperate danger, who was saved and restored.

The evening sermon subject will be "Cain, the First Get-Rich-Quick Man."

The girls' Bible class will meet at 2 and the Sunday school at 2:30 o'clock. After the evening services the men's Bible class will meet in the church hall at 8:45 o'clock.

On Monday the Christian Endeavor will meet at 8 o'clock. The prayer and Bible study group on Thursday at 8 o'clock. After the evening services the men's Bible class will meet in the church hall at 8:45 o'clock.

Special services will be held on Sunday, March 6, at 11, 3 and 7:30 o'clock, to celebrate the first anniversary of Rev. Mr. Cox's ministry.

United Church of Canada

"That they all may be one"

METROPOLITAN UNITED CHURCH

QUADRA AND PANDORA—in the City's Heart
10 o'clock—Morning Class
11 a.m.

Father and Son-Mother and Daughter Service

Speakers—MISS PATSY STIPE and MR. DONALD MCCAIN
REV. J. H. A. WARR WILL PREACH ON
"THE MAN OF TO-MORROW"
3 p.m.—TWILIGHT MUSICAL SERVICE
7:30 p.m.

"Geneva or Shanghai?"

Which Will Win? Is It War or Peace?
REV. E. F. CHURCH WILL PREACH
A Great Young People's Service

First United Church

(Formerly First Presbyterian Church)
Corner Balmoral Road and Quadra Street
Minister: REV. W. G. WILSON, M.A., D.D.
Assistant Minister: REV. BRUCE G. GRAY
Prestor: W. C. FYFE

SUNDAY SERVICES

DE. W. G. WILSON Will Conduct Both Morning and Evening Services.
—11 and 7:30 o'clock
SUNDAY SCHOOL

9:45 a.m.—Intermediates and Seniors and Classes for Young People
11 a.m.—Beginners, Primaries and Juniors
Monday, 9 a.m.—Young People's Society

Morning Music: Soloist—Mrs. W. Wilson
Anthem—"On for a Closer Walk With God," by Myles Foster
Evening Music: Soloist—Mrs. W. Wilson
Solo—"I Shall Not Pass Again This Way," by Stanley S. Rittiger
Anthem—"What of the Night," by Thompson
Soloist—Miss Marjorie Watson

CENTENNIAL, Gorge Road

Gorge Road and David Street
Chairman—Frank L. Tappan
Minister—REV. J. C. SWITZER
Organist—Mrs. Paul Green
11 a.m.—"THE LAW'S FULFILLMENT"
Anthem—"Hearken Unto Us," by Sullivan
Anthem—"Just as I Am," by Bowles
Anthem—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," by Shelly

Oak Bay United Church

Mitchell and Granite
Religious Education Departments—9:45 and 11 a.m.
Morning, 11 o'clock, Worship Service—Junior Sermonette—"THE MASTER CALLS—WHAT DOES HE WANT?"
Evening, 7:30 o'clock, Worship Service—Topic in Parable: "THE DREDGING OF THE HARBOR"
COME TO THIS FRIENDLY CHURCH

SOCIAL, PERSONAL AND HOME INTERESTS

PRUNE SPECIAL

New Shipment Medium-sized Prunes, 25-lb. boxes.....	\$1.65
4 lbs. for.....	28c
Jutland Sardines, key openers.....	25c
4 tins.....	19c
Korean Crab Meat.....	19c
Chicken Haddie.....	19c
Broken Pekoe Tea.....	25c
Fresh Ground Santos Coffee.....	25c
Canadian Maid Macaroni and Spaghetti, 1-lb. packets, 3 for.....	25c
Royal City Super Six Peas.....	23c
2 tins.....	23c
Shelled Walnuts, fresh sweet pieces, lb.....	29c
Sea Horse Pink Salmon, 1/2-lb. tins, 6 for.....	25c
Robin Hood Rolled Oats.....	25c
Black Stewing Figs.....	25c
Smyming Natural Figs.....	25c
Pure Italian Olive Oil.....	30c
Good Local Potatoes.....	55c
50-lb. sacks.....	55c
Earl Rose Seed Potatoes.....	25c
10 lbs. for.....	25c
Clark's Chicken Sandwich Spread, per jar.....	20c

H. O. KIRKHAM & CO. LTD.

612 Fort Street

NEW TELEPHONE NUMBERS

GS131 Groceries (3 Phones) GS135 Meats, Fish, Poultry (2 Phones)

ES031 Fruit ES021 Office and Delivery Inquiries

TO AVOID LOSS OF NORMAL BUSINESS DURING ADDITIONS TO OUR INTERIOR WE ARE OFFERING OUR USUAL QUALITY MERCHANDISE AT WORTHWHILE REDUCTIONS SPECIAL VALUES NOW ON DISPLAY

Oddments in High-class Tableware HALF-PRICE TO-DAY

FINE CHINA CRYSTAL POTTERY PERIOD ARTS LTD. DIRECT IMPORTERS BELMONT HOUSE GOVERNMENT ST. ART OBJECTS PICTURES VASES



Compare Weiler Furniture Values

February is the recognized month of furniture sales, but this store will pursue its policy of reasonable prices all the year 'round. Our stock is new, fresh and of finest QUALITY. It will pay you to compare Weiler prices before you buy.

WEILER'S

CABARET

Wednesday and Saturday FEBRUARY 24 AND 27

During Fourth Winter Golf Tournament

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS AND SPANISH DANCING

EMPRESS HOTEL

Reservations With Head Waiter Tickets, \$1.50 Dancing—9.00 to 1.00 a.m.

HOSE AND GLOVES ARE BETTER AT

AK Love Ltd. 708 View Street

Distemper

is prevalent among dogs. Prevent it and check it with Graham's Distemper Tablets.

McFarlane Drug Co

Cor. Douglas and Johnson Sts. PHONE G1511

OPPOSE TO CUT IN U.B.C. GRANT

Victoria W.I. Disapprove of Curtailments in Science and Agricultural Depts

Institute Also Endorses Plea For Distinctive National Flag For Canada

"Whereas the University of British Columbia has gained a reputation for good training and good scholarship which has taken years to achieve; and whereas indiscriminate economy, which would curtail the university's efforts to maintain its reputation, would be a disservice to the province; and whereas the science and agriculture departments are only taken by students who intend to follow along these lines in after life; Be it resolved that this Victoria Women's Institute desire to place on record its disapproval of curtailments in the grants to the university in so far as it would curtail the efficiency of the science and agriculture departments."

The resolution was unanimously passed at yesterday's meeting of the Victoria Women's Institute, Mrs. Urquhart presiding in the absence of the president, Mrs. J. L. White.

The meeting also endorsed a resolution asking for a distinctive national flag for Canada, and another resolution, sponsored by the Local Council of Women, asking the disarmament conference to consider the suggestion that the control of the manufacture of armaments be taken out of private hands and placed under government control.

Mrs. V.S. Maclellan explained the administration of the Othello Scott endowment fund, the members endorsing a resolution concerning this fund. Members were also reminded to support "Buy Home Products" campaign, their attention being drawn to exhibits in the local stores and to the excellence of locally-grown seeds. The institute was notified by the city of the allocation of September 17 for its annual tag day. Plans were made for a social on March 4, which is to take the form of a cooking competition for which prizes will be awarded, and for a bridge tea on Thursday, February 25.

Mrs. Helen Bolt will entertain at a bridge party and dance at the New Thoroughbred Hotel, 1000 Douglas St., on Friday evening next to raise funds for the "talent money" for the Robert Burns McKimicking Chapter I.O.D.E. Reservations may be made at K6837.

Miss Ethel Loughheed, who came over to attend the opening of the Legislature and who has been visiting in the city for ten years, returned today to her home in Victoria.

Miss E. C. Kenworthy has just received the intelligence of the death of her mother, Mrs. David Kenworthy, of Santa Monica, Cal. Mrs. Wood was formerly a resident of this city for ten years. Interment takes place today in Santa Monica.

Miss Helen Bolt will entertain at a bridge party and dance at the New Thoroughbred Hotel, 1000 Douglas St., on Friday evening next to raise funds for the "talent money" for the Robert Burns McKimicking Chapter I.O.D.E. Reservations may be made at K6837.

The most interesting event of the week was the second of the skating parties given Wednesday at Rideau Hall by the Excellencies, the Governor-General and the Countess of Beaulieu. More than 1,200 were present and despite the inclement weather skating was enjoyed on rink and dancing in the ballroom of Government House, with tea served in the racquet court.

Premier's Dinner Dance Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, the Prime Minister, gave his annual dinner dance on Wednesday evening for the Conservative senators and their wives and the Conservative members of the House of Commons and their wives. Covers were laid for 250 guests.

Mrs. R. B. Ryckman, wife of the Minister of National Revenue, was hostess at a small luncheon in honor of ladies who are in the capital for the parliamentary session. Mrs. Edgar N. Rhodes, wife of the Minister of Finance, and Mrs. Murray Maclellan, wife of the Minister of Pensions and Health, held a joint reception this week. Which was attended by several hundred guests.

James Bay C.G.I.T. Hold Mother And Daughter Banquet

"The Canadian Girls in Training of the James Bay United Church held their annual mother and daughter banquet in the church yesterday evening, when there were nearly sixty present. Miss Agnes Morris, the leader of the group, occupied the chair and conducted the gathering in a very capable manner.

"O. Canada" and the C.G.I.T. grace preceded the delicious repast. The following toast list was honored: "The King," by Miss Murrie Bentham, followed by the singing of the National Anthem; "Our Mothers," proposed by Miss Ruth Baxter and responded to by Mrs. P. Schroeder; "The Church," by Miss Ruth Rogers, and responded to by the pastor, Rev. W. R. Brown; "The Sunday School," by Miss Audrey Block, and responded to by P. W. Davey; "The Tuxis Boys and Trail Rangers," responded to by Master William McGilvary.

Miss G. Beall, chairman of the Leaders' Council, gave a stirring address on the subject of a vision of service, which was listened to with rapt attention, both by the girls and the parents. This was followed by the candle lighting ceremony, and repeating of the C.G.I.T. purpose, followed by taps, after which all adjourned to a supper, where a short musical program was rendered by members of the group, followed by a short play by a number of the girls entitled "Mother Earth and Her Children."

PERSONAL

Miss Dorothy Watson, nurse in training at the Jubilee Hospital, has left for the mainland on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Abbott of Ganges are spending a few days in Victoria and are guests at The Angela.

Mr. Jack Stevens and Mr. Bob Addie of Los Angeles, California, are visiting their parents in this city.

The Misses Eileen Mackay and Eileen Mackay of Pender Island, who have been spending a couple of days in Victoria, returned home yesterday afternoon.

Mr. W. Miller of Glasgow arrived in the city yesterday from Scotland and is registered as a guest at the Empress Hotel.

Mr. H. Loder of Edmonton, and Mr. B. W. Sewell of Regina are among the easterners registered at the Strathcona Hotel today.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dick of Portland, Ore., are at the Empress Hotel, and expect to remain here over the week-end.

The many friends of Mr. James Parfitt, who is ill in the Jubilee Hospital, will be pleased to hear he is progressing favorably, but will be unable to see any visitors for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. McKee, Hampshire Road, and their small daughter, Jean, are leaving Tuesday afternoon for Vancouver, en route to Kamloops, where they will reside in the future.

Rev. Dr. W. G. Wilson will leave early in the week for Toronto to attend a meeting of the executive of the United Church in Canada. He will be absent about two weeks.

Mrs. Gerald G. McGeer, who came over to attend the opening of the Legislature, and who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. David McGeer, of Moss Street, returned this afternoon to her home in Vancouver.

Mrs. R. L. Matland, wife of the Hon. R. L. Matland, minister without portfolio in the provincial cabinet, arrived in the city on Thursday from Vancouver, and is staying at the Empress Hotel.

Miss E. J. Stevens of North Lonsdale, who has been visiting in Victoria as the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stevens, Newport Avenue, Oak Bay, returned home today.

Mrs. E. C. Kenworthy has just received the intelligence of the death of her mother, Mrs. David Kenworthy, of Santa Monica, Cal. Mrs. Wood was formerly a resident of this city for ten years. Interment takes place today in Santa Monica.

Miss Helen Bolt will entertain at a bridge party and dance at the New Thoroughbred Hotel, 1000 Douglas St., on Friday evening next to raise funds for the "talent money" for the Robert Burns McKimicking Chapter I.O.D.E. Reservations may be made at K6837.

The Macabees held a jolly roller skating party on Wednesday at the Gray Thoroughbred Hotel, when about one hundred couples thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mr. Eddie Short conducted the evening's business for the Macabees, it being a social and financial success.

Mrs. W. Dalby of Vancouver came over to Victoria yesterday afternoon to meet her son, Jack Dalby, who has been with the rugby players in Japan and who will return to Victoria on the Empress of Asia, while in Victoria Mrs. Dalby is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. E. Cornwall, The Oaks, Oak Bay Avenue.

New arrivals registered at the Strathcona Hotel are: Mr. A. K. Buckley, Chicago; Mr. W. C. Osborne, Seattle; Mr. A. C. McLaren, Vancouver; Mr. H. Loder, Edmonton; Mrs. James Maclellan, Vancouver; Mrs. and Mrs. D. C. Cool, Calgary; Miss J. B. Peters, Vancouver; Mr. W. J. Jeffries, Vancouver.

Among the guests registered at the Dominion Hotel are: Mr. C. P. Wood, Mr. Wm. Orr, Mr. Roy C. Darnborough, Mr. H. H. Briggs, Mr. G. Mitchell and Mr. H. F. Lumsden, all of Vancouver; Mr. Mat. Mather, Carleton Place; Mr. I. E. Speed, Ganges; Mr. H. M. Beck, Milwaukee; Mr. G. Welbourn, Moose Jaw; Mr. E. K. Swanson, Berkeley, Cal.

Miss Jean Ker entertained a number of her friends at the tea hour today at her home on Moss Street. The tea table was prettily arranged with spring flowers. The guests included: Misses Gwen Dorman, Dorothy Stokes, Jean Paterson, Grace Paterson, Eileen Thain, Betty O'Brien, Kathleen Dawes, Audrey Lewis, Claire Allen, "Bobbie" Oswald, Rhoda Oswald, Gladys Sheppard, Doreen Swayne, Betty Wilson, Geraldine Shaw, Patricia Hudson and Catherine O'Brien.

Miss Nan Hutton entertained a number of her friends at the tea hour recently at the Cairo Coffee Shop. The tea table was arranged with daffodils, lighted by tall yellow tapers in low holders. The guests included: Misses Gwen Dorman, Dorothy Stokes, Jean Paterson, Grace Paterson, Eileen Thain, Betty O'Brien, Kathleen Dawes, Audrey Lewis, Claire Allen, "Bobbie" Oswald, Rhoda Oswald, Gladys Sheppard, Doreen Swayne, Betty Wilson, Geraldine Shaw, Patricia Hudson and Catherine O'Brien.

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WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB MONDAY

The Women's Canadian Club will meet on Monday afternoon, instead of Tuesday, at 2.45 o'clock at the Empress Hotel to hear Dr. J. Wilson Bready, M.A., of Toronto, speak on "The Place of England Today." Dr. Bready has been in England for the last ten years studying social conditions and his address promises to be of unusual interest. He will leave on Tuesday morning for Nanaimo to address the club there.

COLUMBIA W.A. HEARS REPORTS

Plans For Annual Sessions Made at Yesterday's Board Meeting

Diocesan Delegates to Meet at Memorial Hall March 9, 10 and 11

The Diocesan Board of Columbia W.A. met in the parish hall of St. Paul's, Esquimalt, yesterday afternoon, the diocesan president, Mrs. James Dickson, making a touching reference to the loss the board has sustained during the past month in the passing of three valued members, Mrs. O'Brien of St. Luke's branch; Mrs. Stapleton of St. Columba's branch; and Mrs. Christ Church Cathedral branch, the meeting paying a standing tribute of affectionate remembrance and sympathy with the bereaved families.

A scripture portion was read by the parochial president, Miss Hooper, who expressed a welcome to all, while Mrs. Dickson welcomed a visitor from Ketchikan diocesan board, Mrs. Cannell, who gave a most interesting talk on the work among Indians and Eskimos in that large diocese.

MADE LIFE MEMBER The presentation of a life membership on the diocesan board to Mrs. Corry Wood, a gift from her aunt, Mrs. McLure, one of the earliest life members of the Columbia W.A., was made, Mrs. Dickson reading the bestowal service, while Miss McLure pinned her own life members' pin on her niece, Mrs. W. H. Betsan, acting for Mrs. Bastin, presenting the framed life certificate, a gift from St. Stephen's W.A., of which Mrs. Wood is past-president and with which she has been associated for several years. Mrs. Wood expressed her appreciation of the gift.

The diocesan secretary, Mrs. Christie, read a letter of thanks from Canon Proctor of Dawson Creek for the splendid bazaar held by Columbia W.A. for use in his district. One had also been sent to the Columbia Coast Mission and another to Cariboo district.

The girls' secretary, Mrs. H. V. Mills, spoke of the classes being held every week by Miss Thornley of the V.O.N. for members of the girls' branches, and an appreciative letter was voted to go to Miss Thornley from the board.

The sending of good reading matter to the shelter and camps for the unemployed, as well as to Port Alice, was reported by Mrs. Philip, who asked that magazines be sent to Room 22, Memorial Hall for this purpose.

The educational secretary, Mrs. Llewellyn, gave the titles of several new books added to the W.A. library, which is open every Monday afternoon, also on the third Thursday in the evening for the exchange of books.

REPORTS GIVEN A very fine report of the annual meeting of the Local Council of Women was brought in by Mrs. Harper. The day of prayer was reported by Deaconess Robinson who conducted the meeting.

ANNUAL MEETING The convenor of hospitality for delegates to the diocesan annual meeting, Mrs. P. M. Norris, asked that offers of hospitality be sent to her as soon as possible in order that all may be placed. The programmes of the meeting were distributed, and four resolutions, to be considered by the meeting, were read by the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mayo.

A service of preparation has been arranged for Tuesday evening, March 8, in Christ Church Cathedral, at 8 o'clock, to be conducted by Archdeacon Laycock. The Bishop will celebrate Holy Communion at 9.30 a.m. Wednesday, March 9, at which the Dean will be the preacher.

Business sessions will open Wednesday morning at 11.15 o'clock in the Memorial Hall, and in the evening there will be a general conference, followed by a social hour. On Thursday evening there will be a public mission meeting, the Archdeacon in the chair. Friday's business sessions will be at 10 and 2 o'clock, and the annual meeting of the girls' branches to be held in St. John's schoolroom at 7.30 o'clock.

The annual meeting of the junior branches will be held in the Memorial Hall on Saturday, March 12, at 2.30 o'clock.

Lake Hill Cooking Classes—On Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock the Lake Hill Women's Institute will hold the first of a series of cooking classes, to be conducted by Miss Martin, teacher of economics at the George Jay School. The class is open to all members and friends over fifteen years of age.

By cutting windows in the bottoms of his bee hives, a California apiarist has found he can increase the yield of honey. He explains the windows reflect the sunlight through the brood combs.

Mothers, Mix This At Home for a Bad Cough

You'll be pleasantly surprised when you make up this simple home mixture and try it for a distressing cough due to a cold. It takes but a moment to mix, costs little, and saves money, but it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

Get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex from any druggist. Pour this into a 16 oz. bottle; then fill it with plain granulated sugar syrup or strained honey. The 16 ounces thus made costs no more than a small bottle of ready-made medicine, yet it is much more effective. It is pure, keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

This simple remedy has a remarkable three-fold action. It goes right to the seat of trouble, loosens the germinous phlegm, and soothes away the inflammation. Part of the medicine is absorbed into the blood, where it acts directly upon the bronchial tubes and thus helps inwardly to throw off the whole trouble with surprising ease.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway Pine, containing the active agent of crocetin, in a refined, palatable form, and known as one of the greatest medicinal agents for severe coughs and bronchial irritation.

It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

(Adv.)

Opening..... TOP NOTCH GRILL

Monday, February 22

Best Full Course Luncheon In Town For.....40c

Counter Service and Booths

1313 Douglas Street Opposite the Beehive

DINNER DANCE

Every Evening in Main Dining-room During Golf Week (6.45 to 8.45)—February 22-27

Empress Hotel

Tired Nerves Sleeplessness

SALT SPRING BUTTER 30c

New Grill Opens On Douglas Street

Large, roomy booths, a most conveniently arranged counter, good food, and plenty of it, are the highlights of the new Top Notch Cafe. Many people seem to think Victoria is slow and behind the times; but if these same people would just look around, they would observe that in a quiet, cheerful way, new businesses are almost constantly opening up. "Yes," you'll say, "and just as many are quietly and not so cheerfully closing down." This is only partly true; some do close down, but a great many, the majority, keep going, in spite of the depression. That is why Miss Hannah is to be admired. This enterprising young woman, quite undaunted by the depression, the Manchurian dispute, and all the other disturbing manifestations of these times, is opening the new and attractive Top Notch Cafe.

This restaurant, at 1313 Douglas Street, opposite the Beehive, entirely redecorated, clean and shiny, will be open for business on Monday, February 22.

Next week, when you are eating in town, call at the Top Notch Cafe and in bright, pleasant surroundings enjoy the best forty-cent lunch in town.

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

INVESTIGATING EDUCATION COSTS

Canadian Press

Vancouver, Feb. 20.—The Vancouver Board of Trade has set up a fact-finding committee to investigate costs of the University of British Columbia and of Vancouver public schools. The committee will make an exhaustive study of education expenses in the city and report to the full board.

The committee will make no recommendations. Its only purpose is to establish facts and pass on information to members of the board. What action, if any, is to be taken will be a matter for the full board.

Permanent Wave Special

\$5.75

Including Cut, Shampoo and Finger Wave

Every Morning, 9 Till 10 o'Clock Without Appointment

Also Every Morning, 9 Till 10 o'Clock

Marcel or Finger Wave, 50c With Shampoo, 75c; Facial, 75c

We Specialize in Hair Tinting

This work is under the personal supervision of MAISON TYRRELL, who has had 35 years' experience. No head too difficult. Bring your troubles to us.

ADVICE FREE

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SOCIAL, PERSONAL AND HOME INTERESTS

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

Heart Hungry

LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
AUTHOR OF "DASH ROMANCE"

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"She would welcome him at the door herself. It would help to overcome Barney's impression that she lived surrounded by elegance and luxury far beyond him. Guiltily Celia remembered the afternoon before when he had made it plain he thought she did not want to introduce him to her new friends.

Of course she had tried to avoid meeting Tod Jordan. At thought of Jordan she realized she faced another problem. Tod would have to be told she had been mistaken in saying she cared for him.

It amazed Celia to discover how detached and impersonal her feelings toward Jordan had become. She had completely forgotten him, and now that she remembered his name brought no quickening of emotion. Jordan was simply a young man she had danced and driven and strolled with. How could she have imagined she cared more for him than for Barney?

A whole train of frightening reflections followed. What was this bewildering thing called love? She had believed herself "in love" with Barney before she came to New York. Then she had met Jordan and told herself she was "in love" with him. Neither of those affections was anything like the overwhelming emotion which stirred her. There was no doubt that this was love—real love based on admiration, loyalty, her deep need of Barney and a prayer that Barney might need her.

But it was alarming to know that one could make mistakes about love, and to know that one could change. Celia remembered how Barney Shields had said he loved her, and complained that she was too good for him. Oh, but that had been months before! Was it possible Barney's feelings had altered?

For one dreadful moment the suspense lasted. Then Celia forced a little laugh and sprang up from the chair. There was no reason why she should doubt Barney. She remembered how he had made mistakes! But Barney (bless his precious heart!) would never fall for a sudden longing that was both sweet and pain. She had wanted to tell Barney that he was dearer to her than life, to hear over and over again that he would never go away. Celia began to dream. As she busied herself before the mirror she thought of the meeting at which she would introduce Barney to her father. John Mitchell would approve of the young man, she felt sure, because Barney had a profession of which he was proud, and in which he was successful. Frequently Mitchell had made clear what he thought of youths who were content to amuse themselves at sports, idly wasting incomes acquired by hard-working ancestors.

The girl glanced up and caught her reflection. The face in the glass smiled back at her. There was no need to apply rouge to-day. Her cheeks were pink, and surely her eyes had never been so bright.

She got out her newest frock, slipped it over her shoulders and then hastily put it aside for another. The second dress was rose-colored, quite as expensive as the other, but stiffer. Celia remembered that Barney Shields had praised her in the little home-made dress of rose that her mother had fashioned.

As she stood taking a final survey of herself and patting into place a curl equally decorative in its unruly state, she heard a tap on the door.

"Who is it?" Celia asked.

"Rose, Evelyn's maid answered. "Mrs. Parsons asked if you could step into her room, Miss Celia."

"Tell her I'll be right in."

Celia looked at her watch. Twelve minutes of three. Then she hurried to Evelyn.

Mrs. Parsons was seated at her desk. She looked particularly well in a dark blue satin gown with creamy lace at the throat. Sunlight, shining through the window, had given her a golden halo. As Celia opened the door she looked up smiling.

"Dear child!" she exclaimed, "what would I do without you? I've been in perfect agony for half an hour trying to make these figures come out right. Do add them for me, won't you? You're so clever and I'm hopeless at such things!"

Frequently Evelyn had found occasion to profit from Celia's business training. Now she held up a sheet of papers and a memorandum pad. The papers were bills.

"I know they should come to the same figure," Mrs. Parsons continued, "but I simply cannot make them."

"I'll try it," Celia agreed.

Mrs. Parsons promptly relinquished the desk chair. The figures on the memorandum pad were unimpaired. Celia saw at once she would have to go through the stack of bills and tabulate the amounts. She glanced at her

watch again. Perhaps if she worked swiftly she could finish in time. "I'll slip outside so as not to interrupt," Evelyn said, and disappeared.

The mathematical problem before Celia was complicated. Furthermore, she was impatient and made two errors at the start. She caught them, began calculations once more, and suddenly heard the ringing of the door bell.

Ten minutes after three and she had not finished. It was Barney, of course.

Celia rose. There was no reason why Evelyn's bills should be balanced immediately. She was disgusted with herself for having undertaken the task.

Her heart beat loudly and for a minute she waited to steady herself. Then she went into the living-room. Barney was sitting with his back toward her, talking to Evelyn.

Mrs. Parsons saw the girl.

"Oh, here you are, Celia," she said sweetly. "You must be company. This young man and I have introduced ourselves, and he's been giving me the most amazing account of that terrible fire. You must hear it!"

"Good afternoon, Barney," Celia said. It was not the speech she had planned.

Shields was on his feet. He took the girl's hand and smiled his good-humored smile.

"How do you do?" he greeted her with unusual formality. The young man's left arm hung in a sling.

"This is a queer time for me to be making a call," Shields added. "But I'm going to play gentlemen for a while. The Telegrams have brought me the one of the little girl a big play. The boss was rather complimentary. Oh, Barney, I'm so glad!"

"How splendid!" Evelyn Parsons joined in.

Barney looked embarrassed under the praise. He turned the conversation to the fire which had waited impatiently for Mrs. Parsons to leave them. Evidently Evelyn had forgotten her engagement. She did not depart, and at four o'clock when Barney said he must keep an appointment with the doctor, Mrs. Parsons offered to take him in her car.

The afternoon, unsatisfactory as it was to Celia, had a more unpleasant sequel.

CHAPTER XLIV

Afterward Celia knew that she herself was to blame for what happened. Mrs. Parsons had an engagement for dinner and bridge and the girl dined alone. She could have telephoned someone and had company, but she preferred solitude. It gave her opportunity to think of Barney and plan the future.

Even though it had been annoying not to have the opportunity to talk to him alone, she was proud of the impression Barney had made on Mrs. Parsons. Celia told herself that what she had to say to the young man would keep—but not for very long.

She decided to telephone him in the morning. Barney lived at a young man's club, an institution which was not social, but provided a surprising degree of comfort at low cost.

For one impetuous moment after she had left the dining-room and lay back against the blue and silver divan, Celia thought of calling him at once. She hesitated. No, it would be better to wait. She would tell him that what she would ask Barney to do was to meet her somewhere. The Park Plaza would do, where she could walk in the park, and by the very publicity of the place be shielded from notice.

This time there must be no third person present.

Her dreaming was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. The maid had been dismissed for the evening. Celia went to the door.

"Father!" she cried. "Come in—I'm so glad to see you!"

John Mitchell entered, kissed his daughter dutifully, and put aside hat and gloves.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Parsons had an engagement and I've been sitting here waiting for someone to talk to. You couldn't have timed your arrival more perfectly."

"That's good. Just happened to be in the neighborhood and thought I'd drop in. Why didn't you let me know you wanted company? We could have dined together and seen a play."

"I wish I had," Celia really didn't know Evelyn was going out until just before she was leaving.

They talked of trivialities for several

minutes. Celia asked about her grandmother and learned that she would be back in the city next month. Mrs. Mitchell's health had entirely recovered.

"That reminds me," Mitchell said. "Mother thinks October 15 will be the date for you to sail. She asked me to book passage. That's—let's see, not quite three weeks from to-day."

Celia sat up wide-eyed. "Sail—you mean me?" she asked.

"Yes. Surely you haven't forgotten you're to spend the winter in France? I distinctly remember mother said she talked to you about it."

"Oh, yes. Of course."

"Don't you want to go?" Mitchell asked. The girl's attitude was puzzling.

Celia nodded. "Yes," she said, "only I didn't know—well, I really haven't been thinking about it. After grandmother became ill I thought perhaps she wouldn't care to go."

What Celia meant but did not wish to say was that she had serious doubts about her grandmother's feeling toward her. The girl did not want to appear ungrateful, but prospects of a winter anywhere with Mrs. Mitchell were terrifying.

"Well, I'm glad I mentioned it," Mitchell said complacently. "Get Evelyn to help you get your clothes ready. Guess you'll be sorry to leave Evelyn, won't you?"

"I will," Celia assured him. "I'll miss her a lot."

There was a pause, and in those moments Celia missed her opportunity. She had been trying ever since her father's arrival to tell him about Barney Shields. How could she sail to Europe now and leave Barney? Mention of the elderly Mrs. Mitchell had instantly widened the breach between father and daughter.

She tried to frame the words, but they would not come. She was groping for a means of introducing the subject when Mitchell rose.

"I believe you're tired to-night," Celia said. "Better go to bed early. It's time for me to be getting along anyhow. Tell Evelyn I'm sorry I missed her, will you?"

The girl assured him that she would, went to the door with him and said good night. Then she returned to the living-room and sat for a while staring out at the night. At last she went to her own room, undressed and slipped into a negligee.

A whole new series of problems were presenting themselves to Celia. The months ahead loomed ominously. Life had been so comfortable during the past weeks that she had scarcely given a thought to the time when she would return to her grandmother's home. To find it before her—scarcely three weeks away—was startling.

The happiness in which she had been drifting since Barney Shields's visit faded. How did she know what might happen if she went away for six months? At that thought of her grandmother's ambitious plans for a social career Celia rebelled.

As usual in moments of despair the girl's thoughts ran to Margaret Rogers. The happy memories were there she would know what to do.

In sudden haste Celia got out paper and pen and began to compose a letter to Mrs. Rogers. She told the whole story of meeting Barney in New York, telling him she cared more for Jordan, and then how realization had come that it was Barney she loved. It was a long while before she finished the letter. When it was sealed in its envelope, stamped, addressed and put aside ready to post, she felt relieved.

Still—she was not asleep. Celia selected a magazine, curled up in a big chair and began to read.

She was still reading when she heard footsteps outside the door. It was nearly midnight.

"Is that you, Evelyn?" Celia called. She jumped up and opened the door leading into the hall.

Mrs. Parsons appeared.

"I was trying to be quiet not to wake you," she said.

"Oh, but I wasn't asleep. I've just been reading. Come in and tell me about the evening. Did you enjoy it?"

Evelyn Parsons's pink-tipped fingers rose to her lips to stifle a yawn. "Rather," she said in a languid tone. "Some cousin of Fannie's was there, and he was stupid. Insisted on talking about Arizona or some such place all the while!"

Mrs. Parsons sat down, carefully

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"That's from the soup recipe I heard on the radio."

smoothing the gold lace of her gown about her.

"Too bad," Celia sympathized. "I had a surprise. Father called."

"Your father?"

"Yes, he wanted me to tell you he was sorry to miss you. But, oh, Evelyn, I've got the most awful news! Grandmother's going to take me to France!"

"For the winter you mean? When does she plan to sail?"

"The fifteenth of next month. I don't want to go at all, but I suppose I'll have to."

"Most girls would be pleased."

"Yes, I know, but—well, there are a lot of reasons."

(To be continued.)

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

BY SISTER MARY

Research workers have experimented with sauerkraut quite extensively during the last few years and their conclusions have established an excellent reputation for this cabbage product. Persons who particularly enjoy a "sauerkraut dinner" must gain infinite satisfaction from a review of its merits.

Many fashionable restaurants serve sauerkraut cocktails and they are rapidly gaining popularity on the home menu. Simple to prepare and serve, they make "heartful" appetizers for dinners and luncheons.

The canned kraut is merely drained from its juice and the juice is thoroughly chilled and used just as it is with whatever seasoning that may be wanted.

If home-made or bulk kraut is used, put a pound in a coarse sieve. Pour three-fourths cup of cold water over it and drain. Then add the juice, chill and season with lemon juice, salt and a dash of paprika.

A HEARTY WINTER MENU

When it comes to the kraut itself, an excellent and inexpensive meal can be provided if sauerkraut is served with spareribs and dumplings. This is hearty fare for a nippy evening, but it supplies an abundance of mineral salts and vitamins at small cost. If the dinner begins with a cream soup and ends with a fruit pudding with kraut and dumplings for the main course, a well balanced and nourishing meal is served.

Wetters are often liked with kraut, but spareribs are usually chosen on account of their high fat content. Cabbage is lacking in fat, so this factor is counteracted by the use of fat, and a dash of paprika.

The following recipe will serve four persons:

SAUERKRAUT AND DUMPLINGS

One pound kraut, 2 pounds spareribs, 1 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, milk.

Put spareribs in a kettle with water to half cover and cook slowly for one and one-half hours. Add canned kraut and cook thirty minutes longer or until the kraut looks "clear." Mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in milk to make a soft dough. Drop from tip of spoon into kraut. Cover closely and cook ten minutes. Serve at once or the dumplings will fall.

Potatoes and kraut served in combination make a change from the usual order of things.

SAUERKRAUT AND POTATOES

Two cups sauerkraut, 2 cups mashed and seasoned potatoes, 1 tablespoon lard, buttered crumbs.

Melt lard in kettle, add kraut and cook thirty to forty-five minutes. Put a layer of kraut in a buttered dish, dot with bits of butter and cover with a layer of mashed potato. Continue layer for layer until all is used. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve from baking dish.

MONDAY'S MENU

Breakfast: California grapes, cereal, cream, potatoes, milk, crisp breakfast bacon, toast, milk, coffee.

Luncheon: Baked cheese, bran bread, prune pudding, milk, tea.

Dinner: Roast loin of pork, baked sauerkraut and mashed potatoes, creamed saffron, salad of mixed greens with French dressing, apple pie, milk, coffee.

AUNT HET

BY ROBERT QUILLLEN



"I always feed Pa heavy on the first so he'll have to take a afternoon nap and won't have too much time to fuss about expenses."

(Copyright, 1932, Publishers Syndicate.)

On the Air

TO-NIGHT
6.45 p.m.—VICT Anniversary Program—KJR.
TO-MORROW
7.30 a.m.—International broadcast—KYL.
10.00 a.m.—Walter Damrosch and symphony orchestra—KOMO.
12.15 p.m.—New York Philharmonic, with Myra Hess, noted woman pianist—KYL.
1.30 p.m.—Edith Lorand, distinguished woman violinist, from Berlin—KOMO.
2.30 p.m.—Benjamin Glieck, tenor—KOMO.

MONDAY'S RADIO PROGRAMMES

Monday is the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and many observance programmes will come over the air. In addition to broadcasts from Washington, Boston, Mount Vernon and Seattle, there will be two hook-ups with Europe over the NBC-KR network. Listeners are referred to the Monday programmes of KJR, KOMO and KYL listed on this page for further particulars.

KJR, SEATTLE
To-night
6.45 p.m.—Cecil and Sally.
7 p.m.—Rising Junior.
7.15 p.m.—Manhattan Serenaders.
8 p.m.—Kaplan's lesson.
8.45 p.m.—WGY anniversary programme.
9 p.m.—Ralph Kirberry, dream singer.
9.05 p.m.—Coon Saunders Orchestra.
10 p.m.—Earl Burnett and his orchestra.
10.45 p.m.—Prohibition Poll.
11 p.m.—Vic Meyers.

To-morrow
8.30 a.m.—Major Bowes and the Capitol Theatre Orchestra.
11 a.m.—Bible stories.
12 noon—Salon orchestra.
12.30 p.m.—Catholic Hour.
1 p.m.—NBC Sunday Concert.
2 p.m.—Early Explorers.
3.15 p.m.—Nathan Abas, violin recital.
4.45 p.m.—John and Ned.
7 p.m.—Rising Junior.
7.30 p.m.—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
8 p.m.—Alma String Quartette.
11 p.m.—Organ concert.

KOMO, SEATTLE
To-night
8 a.m.—Financial Service.
8.15 a.m.—Crescents from the Log o' the Bay.
8.30 a.m.—George Washington bicentennial programme, Washington.
12.30 p.m.—Tennessee Quartette.
10.30 a.m.—George Washington bicentennial programme, Boston.
12 noon—Virginia bicentennial commission, Mount Vernon.
12.30 p.m.—"Germany"—orchestral and native songs, New York.
11 p.m.—Organ concert.

To-morrow
8.30 a.m.—Piano Pictures.
10.15 a.m.—NBC Symphony Hour, with Walter Damrosch.
12.30 p.m.—National Youth Conference.
12.30 p.m.—Parkes Cadman.
1.30 p.m.—Berlin broadcast, violin recital by Edith Lorand.
2 p.m.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.
2.30 p.m.—Helen G. Jensen.
3.30 p.m.—NBC Drama Hour.
4 p.m.—Orchestra under Harold Stokes, with guest singer.
4.15 p.m.—Recall Radio Party.
4.30 p.m.—American Album of Familiar Music.
7.15 p.m.—The Old Singing Master.
7.45 p.m.—Sunday at Sell Park.
8 p.m.—Society.
10 p.m.—News Flash.

KYL, TACOMA
To-night
11.30 p.m.—Hal Greyson.
To-morrow
8.30 a.m.—International broadcast.
12.15 p.m.—New York Philharmonic, with Myra Hess, woman pianist.
2 p.m.—Book Reviews.

Hudson's Bay Company



With Spring in Sight and Easter Near
New Millinery Modes Are Welcome

It is as pleasant to don the Spring Straws and doff the Winter Felts as it is to welcome spring sunshine in place of winter fogs.

And Straws dominate in style for Spring Hats. There are fine weaves, bright and shiny, and such interesting coarser weaves as sharkskin, Montelpu, cellophane, crystalline, Neora Milan, Italian Milan and balbuntal.

There is much diversity in types—with Sailors very much in the limelight, both in straight brim and rolled brim versions.

Trimings are smart and deftly placed, whether ribbon bows, massed flowers, quill feather fancies, or bright crystal ornaments.

Enthusiasm is evoked by the little bolero shape or turned-up Chin Chin and the classic Turban.

As for shades—Black still leads the fashion, a black with brightness; and Browns, Reds and Green of newer tones are good, with Blues becoming increasingly important. Choose your Hat early—the five weeks to Easter will soon go by.

—Millinery Section, —Second Floor, HBC

PERMANENT WAVE OF DISTINCTION

\$5.00 NO EXTRAS
Marcel 50¢
Finger Wave 50¢
Water Wave 50¢

BERT WAUDE HAIRDRESSING

740 FORT ST. E 4023

Vaults of the Bank of France have so much gold in them that there is no room for visitors. Doors to the underground chamber, lying beneath a sunken lake, have been closed to all

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Dr. Frank E. Dorchester

Lectures

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Vancouver Over

a Special Wave

Length of 880

Kilocycles

Tuesday, 8.15 p.m.

He Will Give

the Facts on

HEALTH, DISEASE, MEDICINE

AND NATURE CURE PRINCIPLES.

HOW TO OBTAIN PERFECT

HEALTH AND BEAUTIFUL BODY.

Develop Resistance to Epidemics

Tuesday, February 23

At 8.15 p.m.

(Note the Wave Length, 880 Kilo.)

During Childhood Lay the Foundation for a Healthy Skin

By Regular Use of

CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

Teach your children the Cuticura habit

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VICTORIA, B.C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1932

TELEPHONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING TO E4175 OR E4176—WE WILL CHARGE IT

Victoria Daily Times

MEMBER ADVERTISING BUREAU CIRCULATION

TELEPHONE
8 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Circulation E4175
Advertisement E4176CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES
1¢ per word per insertion.
Minimum charge 25¢.
25¢ per line per month.
Minimum charge \$2.50.Births, \$1.00 per insertion.
Deaths, \$1.50 per insertion.
Deaths, \$1.50 first insertion and \$1.00 each subsequent insertion.
Funeral notices, in Memorial notice and card of thanks, \$1.50 per insertion.

In computing the number of words in an advertisement, estimate groups of three or less figures as one word. Dollar marks and all abbreviations count as one word.

In estimating the number of lines in an advertisement, count the words for the first two lines and seven words for each line thereafter. This is not an absolute guide to the number of lines, much depending on the length of the individual words.

The Times will not be responsible for more than one incorrect insertion of any advertisement or for more than one error. Any claim for return of money on account of error or omission must be made within thirty days from the date of the same, otherwise the claim will not be allowed.

Advertisers who desire it may have replies addressed to a box at the Times office and forwarded to their private address. A charge of 10¢ is made for this service.

Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should notify this office at once on receipt of the paper. If your Times is missing, phone E4175 or E4176 and a copy will be sent by special messenger.

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Business Opportunities classifications 35 to 38
Help Wanted classifications 39 to 42
Financial classifications 43 to 47

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Letters addressed to the following boxes are available at the Times office on presentation of box tickets. Maximum results are obtained by advertisers who follow up replies promptly.

728, 781, 836, 837, 838, 891, 1356, 1860, 1971, 2048, 2092, 2093.

Announcements

DIED
ANDERSON—Mrs. Mary Anderson, widow of John N. Anderson and a resident of Victoria since 1909, passed away early Thursday morning at her home, 1000 Commercial Street, in her eighty-third year. She was born in 1849 in Linn County, Iowa, and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson. She is survived by three daughters, Mrs. W. H. McKee, Mrs. Agnes N. Anderson at home and Mrs. J. Deane Nelson; also by one son, Major John Gibson Anderson, M.C., who was killed overseas.

The funeral will be held on Monday at 2 p.m. from St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 1000 Commercial Street, at which time the Rev. Charles Bailey of Vancouver will conduct the services. Mourning papers please copy.

FLORESTA

BALLANTINE BROS. LIMITED
615 Fort Street Phone 62421
CUT FLOWERS AND DESIGNS
Greenhouses, North Quadra Street**BROWN'S VICTORIA NURSERY**, 618 Hwy. 101, Deshon work executed lowest prices. We grow our flowers. 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A MOST DESIRABLE EAFRONT HOME with a view that is to be seen in itself, where you can sit and watch the sea in its fury lashing on the rocks, and yet not feel a shiver in the bone. The construction of which is good and solid. This home is not large, but it is well designed by one of our leading architects and constructed especially for the owner himself, as a speculation. The whole property is in excellent order, including a well-built bathroom and garage. Yes, of course there is a good basement and HOT WATER HEATING. This is your opportunity for just such a home, and you are looking for it. **\$6000**

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY

84120 After hours 04018

AGENTS OFFERINGS (Continued)

LOOK AHEAD!

When you consider building, keep the following facts foremost:

1. Select a site in a location which will appreciate in value.
2. Study the proposed position of your house in order to obtain the best possible view.
3. See that houses in the neighborhood are modern and well-planned buildings, the vicinity help depreciate value.

SEE OUR CADBORO HEIGHTS LOTS (adjoining Uplands). WHERE YOU WILL FIND THE IDEAL SITE FOR YOUR NEW HOME.

MIDLAND INVESTMENT COMPANY LTD.

610 Fort Street 05634
VICTORIA, B.C.

\$1500 A PROPERTY CONSISTING OF

three large lots, situated in an excellent part of the city near the hospital, on which is an old house which is very suitable for remodeling, as it is soundly built, on concrete foundation with good central floor and basement. Fix up the house and build on the other lots, or use them for concrete foundation for a well-bought home. \$900 cash will buy the property.

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY

Real Estate Dept.
1302 Government St. Victoria

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR SALE LOT 10, GRAHAM ST., BETWEEN Hillside and Seaview 3273.

Owner, 432 Gorge Rd. Phone 82912 940-1-44

PROPERTY FOR EXCHANGE

\$6000 HOUSE ON TWO LOTS, ADJACENT TO VICTORIA, CLOSE TO HIGH

and public schools. Considerable exchange for acreage. Box 950, Times. 950-3-46

Business Opportunities

55 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

TO CLOSE ESTATE - MUST SELL TWO

revenue-producing apartment houses, well located, always rented. \$14,000 or offer. Box 5709, Times. 5821-2

Never Before Offered

One of Victoria's very large homes recently made into a duplex with separate entrances and garage, in exclusive residential section, taxes very moderate, owner occupying downstairs; upper rents for \$50 per month, and the price offering shows the purchaser 10% on the investment. Will exchange for smaller home in the country with an acre of good soil. For further particulars see

Victoria Homes & Gardens Limited

Col. B. de Mossin E 4104
629 Fort St.

Fully Furnished \$2,650 Terms

Five-room modern house, walking distance of city. Full basement, hot-water furnace, garage, fireplace. Large lot. House completely furnished, including refrigerator, sink, range, etc. Price of \$2,650. Would consider small house, outside city, as part payment. Newly painted and new roof.

A. A. MEHAREY & CO.

Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds, Insurance
624 Fort St. Phone E 1187

A Bargain for Someone!

Fine Family Home of 7 or 8 Rooms

Well located. All condition throughout. Newly painted, new roof. Due to unusual circumstances this house is offered for quick sale at the low price of \$2,500. \$500 cash; balance \$3 a month.

PEMBERTON & SON

825 Fort St. Phone G 8124

SHOE STOCK

For Sale by Tender

Tenders will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of the stock, including fixtures of Thorne's Cider-ella Shoe Salon, Victoria, B.C. Stock consists of miscellaneous lines of ladies shoes.

All tenders to read at a rate on the dollar as per inventory.

Stock may be inspected on the premises of the "Beehive" 1310 Douglas Street, Victoria, B.C., on Monday, February 22, from 10 to 5 p.m.

Inventory may be seen at store on above date or at our office at any time upon application.

Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

THE CANADIAN CREDIT MEN'S TRUST ASSOCIATION LIMITED

Custodian.
223 Pacific Building, Vancouver, B.C.

MAYNARD & SONS

Auctioneers

Removal Notice

We are now located in our new saleroom.

MANY HAPPY RETIREES

SATURDAY, FEB. 20

Harold Newman, 522 Mont-
real Street, Victoria (7)
Ian Murray, 2741 Ashcroft
Street, Victoria (8).

BOWLING

COMMERCIAL TENPIN LEAGUE

Modern Shoe Co. Ltd. - J. Pollard 439, T. Gibson 434, H. Pollard 431, A. Quinn 411, F. Green 408. Handicap 339, total 2,525.

Kiwana B. defaulted. Modern Shoe Co. Ltd. won three.

McCloy & Co.

AUCTIONEERS

SPECIAL SALE

In Our Lesser Hall

Tuesday at 1.30 p.m.

Superior Modern and Antique Furniture

FOR SALE

Lot 32, Ser. 4, Plan 111, Victoria City (including Parcel 42, of Parcel "A" N.W. corner Gorge and Jubilee. For full particulars apply to

ON VIEW MONDAY, 2 to 10 p.m.

MCCLOY & CO. PHONE E 0992-1922.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Capital of Greece.
- 6 To murmur.
- 11 To vex.
- 12 Part of a pedestal base.
- 14 Colony of bees.
- 16 Verb.
- 18 Nocturnal lemur.
- 21 Fastidious.
- 22 To breathe loudly in sleep.
- 24 Mark.
- 25 Habit.
- 26 In what state is Tuskegee Normal School, founded by Booker T. Washington?
- 28 To perform.
- 29 Before Christ.
- 30 Native metal.
- 31 Sea eagle.
- 32 Minor note.
- 34 To displease.
- 35 Valuable white fur.

VERTICAL

- 3 Intended slight.
- 15 First U. S. state to enact an unemployment insurance bill.
- 16 Data.
- 17 Epoch.
- 19 Unmerciful.
- 20 Caterpillar.
- 23 Slim.
- 26 Regions.
- 27 Equipped with weapons.
- 30 Aways.
- 32 Insect's egg.
- 33 Paddles.
- 35 Perfume of flowers.
- 41 Foolhardy.
- 42 Cleansing substances.
- 43 Sailor.
- 44 Lightest.
- 45 Scarfs.
- 46 Shelter.
- 48 Untruth.
- 52 Right.
- 53 Measure of area.

OPERA CAST LARGE ONE

Eighty Local People Will Be Seen in "The Bohemian Girl" Here Next Week

One of the largest casts in the history of local operatic production will be seen in "The Bohemian Girl" which will be presented by the Victoria Operatic Society at the Royal Victoria Theatre on Friday and Saturday evenings. There will be about eighty persons in the production.

Following is the entire cast: Count Arnhelm (Governor of Presburg), Fred Wright; Thaddeus (a proscribed Polish noble), Fraser Lister; Frenschlein (nephew of the Count), Frank Spooner; Devilshoof (chief of the gypsies), Clifford Prescott; Arline (daughter of the Count), Dorothy Parsons; Queen of the Gypsies, Kathleen Hume; Budu (nurse to the little Arline), Freda Groves; the infant Arline, Joy Groves; captain of the guard, Bill Parker; Gypsy, John Rieley; Adelheid, Ethel Hale; butler, Charlie Ozard; footman, Dick George and Jack Child; quack doctor, Titus Swann.

Chorus of gypsies and courtiers: Gladys Elliott, Florence Gunn, Norah Jones, Decel Sword, Alisa Barclay, Edna Barr, Doris Strugnell, Beatrice Murgatroyd, Joyce Frowman, Marie Pye, Elsie Jenkins, Grace Tucker, Mary Senkler, Margaret Fletcher, Allison Bentler, Florence Kelly, May Wootton, Lorna Cox, Kathleen Hume, Geraldine Cox, Katharine Albany, Florence Hall, Vivian Lamb, Phyllis Deville, Christine Stuart-Fleming, Laura Bell, Ethel Johns, Evelyn Willoughby, Barbara Paskin, Selma Curver, Winnifred Scowcroft, Dora Crumpling, Helen Winn, Edith Hemberow, Daphne Barber, Starkey, Cathie Willcox, Grace Bon-Addison, Dulcie Chatton, Lucy Wharton, Dudley Wickett, George Derrick, Peter and Paul de Turcygnowicz, Ken Bohner, John Southwell, Brian Green, Hugh Herbert, Charlie MacNeill, Alan Strugnell, Walter Fletcher, Harry Cox, Jack Hall, Jim Nesbitt, Charlie Ozard, Ron Moriet, Tommy Egan, Frank McRorie, Loran Mayhew, Ruge Stubbs, Darcy Bale and Frank Cox.

TEACHERS' FIFTEEN LEAGUE

No. 3 - L. Campbell 256, E. McInnis 431, E. Butcher 561, P. Lister 445, low score 228. Total 2,429.

No. 4 - J. Macdonald 441, P. Ryndie 325, D. Smith 462, total 1,961.

No. 5 won two.

NEW METHOD FIFTEEN LEAGUE

Flatside Dept. - M. Moore 408, F. Cor 409, M. Blair 415, E. Duncan 324, W. Hartley 398, total 1,950.

Producers - M. Moore 408, F. Cor 409, M. Blair 415, E. Duncan 324, W. Hartley 398, total 1,950.

WOMEN'S COMMERCIAL FIFTEEN LEAGUE

FOR SALE

Lot 32, Ser. 4, Plan 111, Victoria City (including Parcel 42, of Parcel "A" N.W. corner Gorge and Jubilee. For full particulars apply to

CITY SENIOR TENPIN LEAGUE

James Island Club 408, A. Russell 602, P. H. Lough 432, J. Huxtable 290, low score 478. Total 2,314.

Macdonald 441, P. Ryndie 325, D. Smith 462, total 1,961.

Carpet Bowling

Results of recent matches in the Carpet Bowling League follow:

SECTION "A"

S.O.P. Red Rose 16, Willows Park 16.

S.O.P. Red Rose 16, Willows Park 16.

SECTION "B"

H.B. Beavers "A" 18, A. and N. "A" 18.

C.O. Beavers 18, A.O.F. Beavers 18.

SECTION "C"

Willows Park 23, St. Mark's 14.

A.O.F. Beavers 18, C.O. Beavers 18.

SECTION "D"

Willows Park 23, St. Mark's 14.

A.O.F. Beavers 18, C.O. Beavers 18.

SECTION "E"

Willows Park 23, St. Mark's 14.

A.O.F. Beavers 18, C.O. Beavers 18.

SECTION "F"

Willows Park 23, St. Mark's 14.

A.O.F. Beavers 18, C.O. Beavers 18.

SECTION "G"

Willows Park 23, St. Mark's 14.

A.O.F. Beavers 18, C.O. Beavers 18.

SECTION "H"

Willows Park 23, St. Mark's 14.

A.O.F. Beavers 18, C.O. Beavers 18.

SECTION "I"

Willows Park 23, St. Mark's 14.

A.O.F. Beavers 18, C.O. Beavers 18.

DOUBLE BILL AT THE EMPIRE

"Rookery Nook" opened to-day at the Empire Theatre. This is one of the best-known English theatrical properties. The play ran for 400 consecutive performances at the Aldwych Theatre in London and then was purchased by the Gaumont British Picture Corporation Ltd., for production as a talking picture. The principal roles in the screen version were entrusted to members of the experienced cast which had been enacting the farce at the Aldwych Theatre.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Nena Quartaro, although born on St. Patrick's day, is of Spanish parentage. She is fond of outdoor life and spends much of her leisure time tramping the mountain trails of the High Sierras. In "Arizona," the latest Columbia release, showing to-day at the Columbia Theatre, Miss Quartaro will be seen in the role of a Mexican girl whose unusual attentions to a young lieutenant cause trouble aplenty.

CAPITOL THEATRE

"New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with William Haynes, showing the realm of high finance and enacting the genial grafter, continues at the Capitol Theatre to-day.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

You'll never stop laughing over the trickery of the most lovable rogues in the world.

ROYAL

TWO NIGHTS ONLY FEB. 26-27

"The Bohemian Girl"

"TRADER HORN"

Not. Sat. 1 to 5
Nights, 25¢-35¢; Kiddies, 10¢

DOMINION

SHOWING TO-DAY MON. & TUES.

JACK BUCHANAN

The Great International Star at His Scintillating Best

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE

It is not always hot in Africa. In higher regions of the Belgian Congo snow is reported by the motion picture safari that made "Trader Horn."

Columbia TO-DAY

Tense Drama of Love and Honor

"Arizona"

With LAURA LA PLANTE, JOHN WAYNE, JUNE CLYDE

LAUREL AND HARDY

In "ANOTHER FINE MESS"

"BATTING WITH BUFFALO BILL"

Prices: Mat. 20c. Children, 10c. Evenings, 25c-35c

ROMANO

RICHARD DIX

"CIMARRON"

The Mightiest Drama of the Ages

BEAUX-ARTS

"The Mask and the Face"

SHRINE AUDITORIUM, MARCH 4 AND 5

Reserved Seats, 50c. Proceeds to Children's Aid Home. Unreserved, 35c

Par	Holes	Yards	Score
5	10	469	4
4	11	296	3
4	12	443	4
3	13	175	3
5	14	503	4
3	15	229	3
4	16	426	4
4	17	422	4
4	18	415	4
36		3372	33

Edmonton, Alta., Feb. 20.—Edmonton Poolers won the Edmonton junior hockey championship here yesterday evening when they defeated the Canadians by a score of 2 to 1.

Art Wiebe, sensational defenceman of the Poolers, was in rare form, scoring a goal and playing a great game of defence.

George McIntock, goalie of the Poolers, suffered a serious eye injury in the second period that requires a few stitches.

Both landed just off the nineteenth green far from the cup in 2. M. Hicks's twenty-five-foot putt failed drop.

[illegible]

aces kept in line turning for southern
squad, the regulars were
menting by leading Weyrn Beavers
3 to 2, in a thrilling game. This gives
them one game each and the visiting
team a 2-1 lead in the series.
Yates Acaster was the hero, netting
the winning counter with eight sec-
onds to go. The Beavers had scored two
The Beavers had scored two in forty-one
seconds halfway through the last

Seattle Swimming Aces Crack Canadian Sprint Records Here

Helene Madison Chips Fraction Off Fifty Mark

Covers Distance Fifth of Second Under Existing National Freestyle Record; Jack Medina, in Exhibition 100 Backstroke Against Denny Walker Unofficially Beats Long Tank Canadian Record for Distance; United States National 400 Yards Relay Champions Unable to Better Time; Victoria Swimmers Show Up Well Against Crack Washington Squad

Getting away to a lightning start and driving down the pool with easy rhythm, Helene Madison, Washington Athletic Club ace and leading woman swimmer of the world, added another record to her innumerable collection when she clipped one-fifth of a second off the existing Canadian mark for the women's fifty yards freestyle at the Crystal Garden yesterday evening. She completed the distance in twenty-seven and three-fifths seconds to give a capacity crowd their biggest thrill of the evening. It was the only national women's record which went by the board, but Jack Medina, her teammate, unofficially beat the men's Canadian long tank 100 yards backstroke mark in an exhibition against Denny Walker.

DEMPSEY STILL DETERMINED TO MAKE GRADE

Former Heavyweight Champ Not Worried Over Showing Against Levinsky

Will Change Training Routine and Do Less Handshaking

Chicago, Feb. 20.—A few of King Levinsky's shots may have shaken Jack Dempsey Tuesday night, but they did not shake the comeback ideas out of the old number's head.

The tour is going on just as planned, except that Dempsey will do less handshaking, will be seen less in public outside of the ring, and will alter his training routine.

After reading accounts of his exhibition with the cocky Kingfish, most of which said, or inferred, "Dempsey is through," Jack scowled and said: "So they think I'm through again, eh? Well, I'm not. I'm going right on. I'll be back. I'll fight Levinsky with six-ounce gloves. I can still sock with regulation fighting gloves on."

As close to an abbi as Dempsey would come, was to say he was suffering with a severe cold, and failed to get going. At the same time he would take no credit from Levinsky, saying the better fighter than most people think.

WILL MEET WINE
Dempsey's next stop will be Louisville, Ky., where he will pair with Frankie Wine, Butte, Mont., heavyweight, in another four-round exhibition next Tuesday night. His unimpaired showing against Levinsky apparently has done nothing to impair his popularity, for a record crowd is expected to watch him in Louisville.

A ten-round bout with Levinsky next summer outdoors, probably in Soldier Field, is said to be in the making.

M'GILL PLAYERS WIN HOOP TITLE

Montreal, Que., Feb. 20.—McGill University, Montreal, won its second consecutive intercollegiate basketball championship here yesterday evening by downing University of Western Ontario of London, Ont., by the score of 45 to 18.

HOCKEY STANDINGS

N.H.L.	Canadian Section	Goals
Toronto	W. L. D. P. A. P.	13 13 10 10 10
Montreal	W. L. D. P. A. P.	12 12 10 10 10
Maroons	W. L. D. P. A. P.	14 14 10 10 10
Americans	W. L. D. P. A. P.	12 12 10 10 10

Improve Your Tennis, Badminton, Golf
of any other sport, 100%. All those who do not wish to take part in sports can build a strong, healthy body in a short time at a reasonable cost. We have a world-wide CORRESPONDENCE health plan for every member. INTERNATIONAL H. & R. Club, 211 Jones Bldg. Hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4 p.m.

Loss of Manhood
And All Diseases of Men
Take Our Remedies
Pamphlets, Man, Know Thyself, and Disorders of Men, Ills of Women, also one on Skin and Blood Diseases, with Testimonials, Diagnosis, Form and advice, in plain envelope. Free by mail. Consultation by appointment only. Advice free. Mail Order and Tablet Remedies a specialty.
Phone Douglas 3394
ENGLISH HERBAL DISPENSARY LTD.
1230 Doyle St., Vancouver, B.C.
Canada's Only Qualified Herbalist
Established 25 Years

TO MEET RAINES



NICK VALCOFF
Heavyweight wrestler from San Francisco, who will meet Nick Raines, Texas, in the ten-round main event of the wrestling card at the Tillicum gym to-night. In the semi-wind-up, "Rocky" Brooks will meet Cliff White, Denver. The first bout will start at 8:45 o'clock.

BALLANGRUD WINS AGAIN

Norwegian Skater Captures 1,500 World Title at Lake Placid To-day

Olympic Course, Lake Placid, Feb. 20.—Ivar Ballangrud, Norway, to-day added the 1,500 metre world speed skating crown to the 5,000 metre title he annexed yesterday, defeating an international field of twenty-six other skaters with a time of 2 minutes, 24 8-10 seconds.

Announce Draw For City Cue Tourney

With the first round completed, the draw for the second round of the city amateur English billiards championship was announced to-day. In the final match of the first round played yesterday evening, Jim Curtis defeated J. Ford, 4-3 to 3-0. A match was also played in the second round yesterday evening, J. Clarke winning from J. Torm, 4-0 to 3-0.

Everett Marshall Whips Abe Coleman

Rochester, N.Y., Feb. 20.—Everett Marshall, 216, Colorado, won a wrestling match here yesterday evening over Abe Coleman, Los Angeles. Coleman was counted out by Referee King Mahoney, after both Coleman and Marshall had crashed through the ropes to the floor. Marshall climbed back into the ring but Coleman had to be assisted to the dressing room. The verdict came after thirty-four minutes thirty-seven seconds.

Jack Purcell Is Coming to Coast

Toronto, Feb. 20.—Jack Purcell, former Canadian badminton champion, plans a tour through the Canadian West, starting next week and lasting about a month. He returned yesterday from New York, where he defeated George F. "Jesse" Willard, noted Boston pro, in an exhibition match. Willard lost the match, second meeting of the pair, 15-10, 15-1. In their previous contest at Boston two months ago, Purcell won, 17-14, 17-14.

TO MEET RAINES

teen—1, Bill Holborne, V.A.S.C.; 2, George Wellburn, Y.M.C.A.; 3, Ivor Fuller, V.A.S.C. Time, 26 5-5 seconds. Fifty yards freestyle, boys under fourteen—1, Jack Medina, W.A.C.; 2, D. Walker, Y.M.C.A. Time, 1 minute 10 1-5 seconds. Four hundred yards record attempt by the Washington Athletic Club women's team, composed of Edna McKibben, Pat Linton, Dawn Gilson and Helene Madison (unsuccessful). Time, 4 minutes 26 4-5 seconds.

DUNCAN LOSES TO GREEN MILL

Cafe Men Take Lead in Play-offs For Island Senior "C" Men's Hoop Title

West Road Beaten 33 to 19 in Other Fixture By Up-Islanders

Duncan, Feb. 20.—Green Mill took the lead in the Vancouver Island play-offs for the Senior "C" men's basketball championship when they sent Duncan down to a 23 to 19 defeat here yesterday evening. West Road, representatives of the Victoria division in the senior "B" section, took a 33 to 19 loss from the Duncan men in the other game of the evening.

OUTPLAY WEST ROAD

Running through the West Road with a fast combination attack in the latter part of the game, Duncan piled up a good margin over their opponents in the senior "B" battle. At half-time they held an 11 to 8 lead after a close checking session.

DECIDE "Y" MAT TITLES TO-NIGHT

Wrestlers of the Y.M.C.A. will gather at the association gym this evening for the annual "Y" championships. A fine programme of bouts has been lined up and some first class competition is expected before the 1932 champions are decided.

OVER 100 PLAYERS WILL SEEK TITLES AT COLWOOD COURSE

(Continued from Page 14)
own partners, register and secure cards before playing. Prizes to winners.

TEAM MATCHES
The four best net scores from any club over the eighteen holes qualifying round will be accepted as club team, excepting local clubs, whose teams must be named and handed to the secretary before starting play.

When starting times are given, players are responsible for knowing and observing same. A competitor arriving late is liable to disqualification.

WOMEN

Royal Colwood—H. A. Rhodes, Robert Buss, J. G. P. Audain, A. D. Davies, J. R. Richardson, B. Johnson, H. A. Rhodes, Mrs. G. A. Bennett, Mrs. J. Fletcher, G. C. Dow, W. F. Penfold, J. N. Fiddler, Alex. Sireth, S. J. Gray, T. S. McPherson, Fred McGregor, R. W. Wilson, Gordon Money, R. W. Gibson, W. L. McIntosh, R. H. B. Ker, William C. Merston and Jack Maston.

WOMEN

Royal Colwood—Dr. G. M. Luden, Miss F. Fitzsimon, Miss Eleanor Dunsmuir, Miss Laura Audain, Mrs. H. A. Evans, W. Charlton, Duncan A. Hamilton, M. Boyd, John Boyd, P. A. Dunn and F. Leary.

Sonja Henie Wants Too Heavy Expenses

Ottawa, Feb. 20.—"We flatly refused to become a party to what we believed was a straight hold-up on the part of one claiming to be an amateur in sport," declared D. P. Cruikshank, president of the Minto Skating Club, here yesterday evening, in explaining the failure of Sonja Henie, world figure skating champion, to appear at the club's ice frolic, the Minto follies.

JIMMIES WIN TITLE

Calgary, Alta., Feb. 20.—Jimmies defeated Altonahs 3 to 0 here yesterday evening to capture the city junior hockey championship. Bannister scored on a lone rush, and Brown and Thompson scored on passes provided by Forsey.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Atlantic City, N.J., Feb. 20.—The Winnipeg club, which represented Canada and carried off the Olympic Games hockey championship, won from the strong Atlantic City Seagulls at the auditorium here yesterday evening by the score of 5 to 1.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Romeo Rivers was the high individual goal collector of the contest with three to his credit, all of them unassisted. Spunk Duncanson made the other pair, being aided on his second goal by Stony Wise's assist.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Wise started as goal-tender for the Olympic titleholders, owing to the fact that Bill Cockburn, regular net minder, was on the side-lines with injuries. But when Cockburn insisted on entering the battle at the beginning of the second period, Wise went out to left wing.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Ray Levia shot the only goal for the Atlantic City Seagulls. He converted Charlie Nicholson's pass in the early part of the second period.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

The Winnipeg showmen, who played in the first period with the score of 5 to 1.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Believing that many admirers of Conacher would value a picture of their favorite hockey player, arrangements have been concluded to supply reproductions of this photograph, size 8" x 10", suitable for framing. No advertising whatever will appear. Write to The Tuckett Tobacco Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Canadian Holders of World Amateur Hockey Championship Turn Back Strong U.S. Team 5 to 1 in Exhibition; Romeo Rivers Is Star With Three Unassisted Goals; Spunk Duncanson Responsible for Other Two; Stony Wise in Goal for One Period

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Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

The world champions were in time in gathering in the goals, popping in two counters in the first period without a reply from the Gulls. Both of them went to Rivers.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Line-ups: Winnipeg—Wise, Sutherland, Hinkel, Monson, Malloy and Rivers. Sub: Garbutt, Simpson, Crowley, Duncanson and Cockburn.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Seagulls—Haynes, Housley, Ritchie, McKinnon, Alarie and Mackenzie. Sub: Levia, Adams, Nicholson, Hunter and Foster.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Referees—Macdonnell and Mitchell.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

First period—1, Winnipeg, Rivers, 4:05; 2, Winnipeg, Rivers, 4:35. Penalties: Sutherland, Duncanson and Garbutt.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Second period—3, Seagulls, Levia (Nicholson), 4:20; 4, Winnipeg, Rivers, 2:47. Penalties: Hinkel, McKinnon.

Winnipeg Display Brilliant Form To Whip Atlantic City

Third period—5, Winnipeg, Duncanson, 1:01; 6, Winnipeg, Duncanson (Wise), 7:39. Penalties: Sutherland, Housley (major).

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Charlie Conacher is the dashing, flashing right winger of the Toronto Maple Leaf famous "kid line." Possessing the most deadly shot in major league hockey today, Charlie scored five goals and one assist in a single game this season. While leading the National Hockey League in goal scoring, Charlie had his hand badly fractured in Detroit recently.

Thousands of hockey fans throughout Canada join with the manufacturers of Buckingham Cigarettes in extending Charlie deepest sympathy and good wishes for a speedy recovery and a return to the game.

Charlie Conacher pays this voluntary tribute to Buckingham:—

"Good Old Buckingham. There's 20 smiles in every package."

Smoke

Buckingham

— and Smile —

20 for 25¢

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513 Central Building Telephone E 9272

REPLYING OF COLOMBIA

We are informed: All States and Cities of Colombia, except Barranquilla, will pay their interest on Foreign Bonds of National Government of Colombia 6% Scrip. Sinking Fund on National Loan will be discontinued at present but no announcement has been made covering the interest payment of National Loans.

SAO PAULO, 75, October 31, 1948
\$1,750,000 Called at Par. Numbers on File at

ROBS, ROBERTSON & BIRCH LIMITED
High Allan, Manager

**TURNER VALLEY
POOLING PL**

New Scheme Calls For Private Control Instead of Government Control

Calgary, Feb. 20 (By C.P.).—Planning pooling facilities under private control instead of provincial government control.

The counter proposal for conservation of gas reserves of Turner Valley was issued here today on the eve of consideration of a government scheme by the Legislature. The scheme provides for a large corporation, organized by present Turner Valley investors.

The counter proposal was announced by Col. H. F. Osler, Winnipeg, president of the Calgary and Edmonton Petroleum Corporation, owners of 5,000 acres on royalty basis in Turner Valley and extensive oil and mineral rights throughout the province. Col. Osler said the plan had been endorsed by interested parties.

Chief difference in the Oleron and the government scheme is that the latter, proposed by P. F. Fisher, government technical expert, is to be administered by private administration as compared with government control. The plan would establish a board of 10 to administer 10,000 acres in the oil producing area of the valley. The board to include two representatives of the independent oil and gas companies, two representative of the Imperial Oil Company and its subsidiaries, and the fifth member to be

As in the government scheme, Oser proposal calls for an increase in the gas rate to domestic consumers from four cents per 1,000 cubic feet to six cents, with the balance to be set off to pooling companies. The proposal also calls for reduced production and sale of naphtha.

The scheme does not propose compulsory pooling outside the 100 000 acre area, which is much smaller than the area regulated in the 1946 draft order. The order would, however, shortly submit to the Legislature an Elimination of drilling regulation outside the area, says the Order proper, in order to permit further testing of the Order proper, as well as other fields scattered within the area.

When pooling arrangements have been completed on a voluntary basis instead of enforced, the governor can plan anticipates, and the five counties are chosen, the Order proper provides for organization of a new association.

When pooling arrangements were completed on a voluntary basis instead of enforced, as the governor plan anticipates, and the five voters are chosen, the Oeler plan provides for organization of a national

Royalty Oil Company's scrubbing plant at Turner Valley, a million dollar investment, would be purchased along with all gas gathering and distribution pipe lines. The new corporation would acquire Royalty's rights to sell gas to the Canadian National Natural Gas, Light, Heat and Power Company, on a royalty basis. Payment for the scrubbing plant and gas contracts would be made from revenue.

incorporation of the new company any pooling member to appeal to the provincial board of public utilities for question or decision which the member considers adverse to his interests. The new corporation would see that the sale of naphtha is controlled, but would not pool members the right to sell naphtha which refinery its naphtha produced.

The new corporation would see control of naphtha sales, but would to pooling members the right to which refinery its naphtha product would be sold.

Among companies named as taking the Osler plan were: Royal Bank Company, Canadian Pacific Railway Company, St. Lawrence Paper Co., Sterling Pacific Oil Company, S. A. S. Assets Company Limited, Directo Limited, Hudson's Bay Company, the Calgary and Edmonton Convention.

EXTENDS OUTL

At the annual meeting of the Packing Company Limited, held at the head office in Vancouver last Wednesday, plans for the business coming year were outlined. In the opinion of the directors, it was considered that extensive additional sales for the company's products will be found in the Canadian market, the use of proper methods for the Pacific Coast fish products to the attention of the consumer. Along

line it was decided to carry an extensive merchandising program of its products and support these by using constructive and consumer advertising for its marked lines to the greatest possible degree.

At the election of officers of the company the following were chosen to direct its affairs for the coming year: President, J. J. Petrich; vice-president, W. R. Lord; secretary, S. M. Ross; treasurer, L. L. Crosby.

Ottawa, Feb. 20.—Cattle market continued inactive during the last week with shippers restricting their shipments, the Department of Agriculture reports in a weekly review issued last night.

Steer prices at Toronto had a cal point of \$62.25 for heavies, w prime steers at \$7, and a 100 lb. butchers at \$5.25. Montreal at about 5 cents under last week, w best prices were generally 2 to 3 cents lower, ranging from \$4.75 to \$5.15. The calf market was active, w reaction higher, of \$3 and over.

Receipts of hogs dropped off the week with values steady to weaker. Toronto had a top of 30-2, bacons, Montreal \$5.25, Winnipeg \$3.95, Edmonton \$4 and Saskatoon \$3.95.



Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Proper Behavior of Boy Receiving Leap Year Proposal—Shall a Wife Wreck Her Husband's Life By Confessing Her Past?

DEAR MISS DIX—When a girl proposes to a boy in leap year, what should he do? Should she give him a ring?

Answer— I presume the technique of courtship is the same no matter whether the girl or the boy takes the initiative, and that when a young woman poses the question to a young man and he coyly says "yes," she should expect the engagement ring. And it is a good break for her that men do not wear diamonds on their third fingers.

In the good old Victorian days, when people went about love-making in a serious way instead of in the happy-go-lucky fashion they do now, a girl was not supposed even to suspect that a man had any matrimonial intentions toward her until he up and asked her to be his. Then she exclaimed: "This is so sudden!" And if she was a really nice and properly brought up young maiden, she murmured: "You must ask papa," as she received her first kiss.

The modern style of proposing is more direct. More in the nature of a business proposition, and hence it is easier for a young man to deal with than the formal one of a more romantic age. So when a girl asks for your heart and hand, all that you will have to do will be to say: "Sure, Sally," if you accept. Or, "Nothing doing," if you decline. Or, "Oh, yeah," if you are in doubt as to the state of your feelings.

The main thing is to be on your guard and watch your step unless you are ready to let some sweet young thing sell you the idea that it is cheaper for two to live than one and that you are ready to settle down and be a fireside companion. When a girl begins calling you up over the telephone and trying to make dates with you, beware. She has her eye upon you and is thinking you would look well walking up the middle aisle with her.

When a girl begins getting anxious about your health and reminding you to wrap up your throat and wear your rubbers, she has designs on you as a husband. When she begins suggesting going to cheap places and eating sandwiches instead of crab Newburg, it is because she is expecting to share in your bank account some day, and when she begins inviting you to her own house and bragging that she baked the cake, it is all over so far as she is concerned but sending out the wedding invitations.

She is going to propose, and you have to do some quick thinking if you make a getaway.

But do not let all of this unduly alarm you. Being made love to is an agreeable experience and, of course, you can always say "no" or you can get out of it by saying you have changed your mind or get your mother to refuse to let you marry.

If you love a girl and want to marry her, it will certainly save you a lot of theatre tickets, flowers and whatnot, as well as mental anxiety, to have her do the wooing, and if you do not love a girl and do not want to marry her, it will be easier to escape from her if she pursues you in the open than it will be if she stalks you under cover.

There is a lot to be said in favor of leap year. It gives a man a chance at the altar or to dig himself in securely in his bachelor quarters.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—My marriage was arranged by my husband's and my families. About six months after my marriage I met a young man who dazzled me with romance and he is the father of my child. My husband is devoted to me and to the boy and thinks it is his. Now I have learned to love my husband with all my heart. I repent bitterly of what I have done and I cannot bear to break my husband's heart by telling him the truth. Yet this secret lies heavily upon me and the longer it goes on the more it depresses me. Shall I tell my husband of the affair or have it on my conscience for the rest of my life?

WORRIED WIFE.

Answer—Lock your guilty secret in your heart and die rather than let your husband find it out. Surely you have done him wrong enough already without destroying his faith in you and the joy he has in the child that he believes to be his own.

And that is what you will do if you tell him the truth. You will wreck his whole house of happiness. You will upset his whole scheme of life. Perhaps he will leave you and go out into the world, a homeless and wifeless and childless embittered man, with his faith in everything that is good smashed into smithereens. And even if he forgives you, things can never be the same with you. He will never trust you. He will never have the pleasure in the child that he had. Everything that was sweet and beautiful in your home life will be gone.

Do not be mean enough and coward enough to buy your own peace of mind at the price of ruining this good man's happiness. Let him go on living his fool's paradise. Just make up your mind that having this dark secret on your mind and conscience and being ashamed every time you look your trusting husband in the eyes is part of the punishment you must pay for your wrongdoing. And be good enough to pay it by yourself instead of shouldering the burden of your sin onto him.

Telling your wrongdoing does not change it. It only makes it the blacker when it is told to some one whose happiness it will blast. Confession is weakness and cowardice. The only atonement you can make to your husband and your child for your sin against them is to keep them in utter ignorance of it.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Uncle Ray's Corner

A Little Saturday Talk

If ever there should be another world war, it will be even more terrible than the last one—unless signs fail. Reports of new kinds of deadly gas which nations are ready to use in case of war have come to us.

The other day I received some "blank verse" written by a fourteen-year-old boy, John Berkeley, and in the poem he tried to picture a war in the future. Here it is:

"Planes screech over the darkened city;
"Bomb upon bomb whizzing earthward
"Sends some skyscraper grieving to its doom.
"The anti-aircraft guns smash out in return
"An ironical salute to death.
"A yellow gas seeps downward
"The people stifle, gun crews die
"Heroically striving to bring down one more plane.
"The way of the air turns homeward.
"Six million dead in raid to-day."
That is a dark picture and I hope it may never come true. To some extent, it depends on the boys and girls of to-day whether such terror shall fall upon the world.

War in the past has caused great suffering, but war in the future might end the best in the human race. For thousands of years, men have worked to build a better world. They have invented tools. They have learned to master fire. The wondrous art of writing has been mastered.

Printing presses have turned out great books. We have conquered the waves of the sea with steamers which fear no storm. We have found ways to glide through the air. We have done much to overcome disease. We have with us the magic of the radio and the talking moving-picture.

These things are fine; but let us, so far as we may, guard against another world war.

Uncle Ray

(Copyright, 1932, Publishers Syndicate)

Uncle Ray's new membership certificate for 1932 is ready. You can enroll as a member of the 1932 club now and secure the printed directions for making a scrapbook, design for scrapbook cover, rules of the club and 1932 membership certificate by filling in and sending in this coupon, with stamped, self-addressed envelope.

UNCLE RAY
Care of The Times, Victoria, B.C.
Name
Age Grade
Street or R.F.D.
City

BRENTWOOD
The Mount Newton Social Club held their fortnightly card party at the club rooms on Wednesday evening. First prizes were won by Mrs. A. Hydes, Miss M. Hagan, A. Lacourriere and P. Michell, and second prizes were taken by Mrs. G. Blackford, Mrs. R. Hall, H. Cloy and R. Stobie. Prizes for high scores during the month were won by Miss H. Hagan, A. Lacourriere and P. Michell. Refreshments were served after the game by the ladies of the

committee. The next card party will be held on Wednesday, March 2. The W. A. to St. Stephen's and St. Mary's churches will meet at the home of Mrs. Bristow, Mount Newton, on Wednesday, February 24. G. McAdam entertained at his summer home at Brentwood on Wednesday afternoon. The guests were: Miss Hooper, Miss McAdam, Miss Pearson, Miss Williams, Miss Foster, Miss Corrin, Messrs. D. Fish, I. Henderson, D. McDonald, W. Woodley and J. Washington.

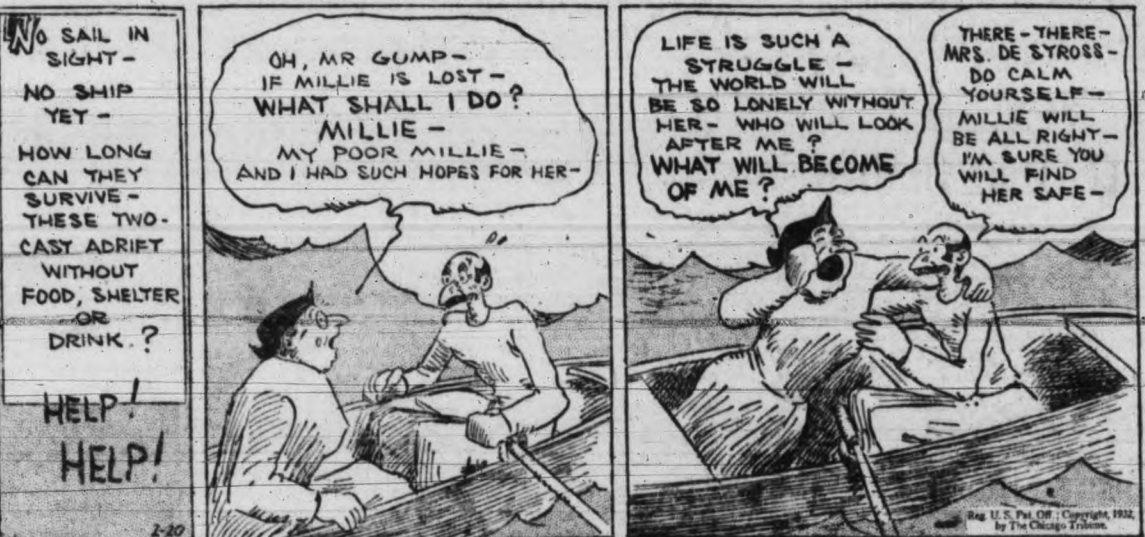
Mr. And Mrs.—



Mutt And Jeff—



The Gumps—



WHAT A NIGHT FOR ROMANCE—WILL MORNING EVER COME?



Ella Cinders—



Bringing Up Father—



Boots And Her Buddies—



VICTORIA, B.C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1932

Original "Alice in Wonderland," Still Living, to Cross Ocean

Now a Grandmother, She Will Leave Quiet English Village to Attend the Lewis Carroll Anniversary in New York



"Alice in Wonderland" . . . is shown above as she appeared in the familiar sketches by John Tenniel, famous illustrator . . . and in the centre as she (now Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves) looks to-day with her eight-month-old granddaughter, Mary Jean Alice . . . Lower left is a view of The Beeches, "Alice's" castle-like home in Westerham, Kent . . . and at the right is Westerham's monument to its greatest son, Major Gen. James Wolfe, who conquered Canada for Britain.

Alice! A childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where childhood's dreams are twined
In memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's withered wreath of flowers
Plucked in a far-off land.

—From the prologue to "Alice,"
by permission of D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

By MILTON BRONNER

WESTERHAM, England.—Many, many years ago, Alice, a round-eyed child of ten, lived in Wonderland. To-day an old, old woman of eighty, known here only as Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, she dwells in this little village in Kent-land.

She is of to-day, but her mind goes back mostly to yesterday—that long golden yesterday on the river near Oxford University when a stern, celibate, clerical gentleman, known to the world as the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, took her by the hand and led her and her sisters into a wonderful country which has since then, by the printed word, enchanted millions of Alices, Marys and Janes in every civilized nation of the globe.

To Alice, Dodgson was not the forbidding master of mathematics at a great university. He was the kind, genial friend, who showed the other and tender side of himself, the whimsical and humorous side of himself. He called that other self Lewis Carroll.

THEN REALITY CAME

Fate has dealt Alice unkind blows. Many years ago she lost that immortal friend. Then she lost her husband, a cultured landed gentleman. Next, came the World War. Her three strong sons went out to fight for England and only one, Captain C. L. Hargreaves, came back.

But he is with her and so is his only child, a baby of seven months. Fate decreed that the only grandchild should be a girl. And that was well, because amid a string of pretty names like Mary and Rosalind, she also possesses that of Alice. As Alice she is known, and the original Alice looks forward to the day five or six years hence when she, in her turn, can take the little one by the hand and lead her into Wonderland.

WHERE TIME IS NOT

It is an ideal spot that the heroine of "Alice in Wonderland" has chosen to spend the sunset of her days. Only twenty-six miles from London, Time seems to stand still here. The only reminder of the workaday, fretting world is the little jerk-water branch line train of two coaches that puffs in and out three times a day, and the occasional rumble of a bus. Mostly the passage of the hours is marked by the sweet chiming of bells in the clock tower across the village green from the home where Alice dwells.

In ordinary periods, when the weather is fine, Alice, whose sight and hearing are still keen, goes for a meditative stroll, ending up at a statue of a very great young man, who was born in this village, Major General James Wolfe.

At thirty-two Wolfe was the commander of British troops in that last and final encounter which was to de-

Mad Reporter. "She will remember. The time has come," the Walrus said.
"To talk of many things: Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax— Of cabbages—and kings—"

THE DRAGON GUARDIAN

"Tell her the Mad Reporter said the time had come to talk of Carroll and how he first took her into Wonderland."

The Dragon, being ever so kind, said she would see what could be done. Soon she returned, but she said:

"Alice is sorry to disappoint you, but the time has not come to talk of Carroll and many things. She may do that when she goes to America. She plans, if all goes well, to sail the latter part of April with her son and her maid, and to 'curse' looking forward to it."

No more Mad Reporter could get the best of Alice in her own chosen, timeless village.

Cut in Relief Brings Big Fight With Bristol Police

Bristol, England.—Police men with drawn batons battled in a wild melee with 2,000 unemployed demonstrators and seven persons were injured.

A mounted policeman was thrown from his horse and trampled on. One of his arms was broken and he was injured about the chest. Two other policemen and four demonstrators were cut on the head and two of the demonstrators were arrested.

The fight started when the police attempted to prevent the jobless from marching through the principal streets to the council house, where they intended to protest against a reduction in relief benefits. Stones, sticks and banner poles were used against the police batons.

"Caesar" a Triumph, Britain May Again Have Shakespeare

London.—"Julius Caesar," which was presented magnificently the "other night," after the fashion of Sir Herbert Beerliohm Tree, in His Majesty's Theatre, with realistic scenic effects, was hailed as a triumph. Oscar Asche, Lily Bratton, Godfrey Tearle, Basil Holloway, Basil Gill and Lyn Harding were included in the cast but not Sir Harry Armstrong, who withdrew owing to the pressure of private work.

Clearly designed for popular consumption, the critics say that the spectacular revival ought once again to put Shakespeare on the British theatrical map.

LONDON TRYING TO UNSCRAMBLE ROPE MYSTERY

Noted Indian Trick Attested By Hundreds, But Photos Hint Hypnotism

Secret Declared to Have Been Held Solely By One Family For Generations

London.—A casual mention of the Indian rope trick by The Morning Post of London brought hundreds of letters from former residents of India, many of which described in detail how the writers had seen the trick performed. One had observed it from a hotel window far above the crowd below.

All saw virtually the same thing done at first, although they witnessed it hundreds of miles and years apart. The performer asks for a rope. When it is provided he throws the end into the air, where it stays. A boy then climbs the rope and is pursued by the performer.

From there on details differ. In one case the performer returned, wiping his knife and saying he had slain the boy. In another he descended saying he could not find him. In every case the boy suddenly reappeared from the crowd and the performer recoiled the rope and returned it to its owner.

As snapshots taken during the performance are said to have revealed nothing evidential, several of the writers explained—the performer Colonel Bernard, former chief of police of Calcutta, as reproduced in "There and Everywhere" by the late Lord Frederic Hamilton in 1921, which concludes with the passage: "Colonel Bernard went into his dark room and developed his negatives. Neither the juggler nor the boy nor the rope had moved at all. The photographs of the ascending rope, of the boy climbing it and of the man following him were simply blanks, showing the details of the courtyard and nothing else. Nothing whatever had happened; but he in the name of all that is wonderful, had the impression been conveyed to two hard-headed, matter-of-fact Englishmen?"

The evidence of Colonel Bernard and of similar witnesses with cameras has caused hypnotism to be advanced as the scientific explanation—the performer hypnotized his audience en masse—although professional hypnotists as well as physicians who employ the hypnotic trance have said that this was impossible.

There were writers to The Post, however, who offered photographic showing of the boy climbing the rope and reaching the top "as though balanced on a pole," and declared that "the secret of the trick is held by one Indian family which has handed it down from generation to generation," while A. R. Jennings, a former officer of the Indian army, contributes this:

BETS MONEY ON NON-PERFORMANCE
"I have before me the photo of the trick and the boy at the top of an unattached rope. I understand the cost of such a rope to be about £20. Its wire core made it inconveniently heavy."

Thus several writers, who are ready to produce similar evidence, conclude that the rope trick is a feat of jugglery and that the apparently common rope is furnished by the juggler's assistant.

The evidence, however, which apparently convinces The Post is provided by Major L. H. Branson, retired, Indian army, and member of the Inner Magic Circle, who writes:

"I maintain that the Indian rope trick has never been performed. I concluded that I had killed the myth by offering in my book on Indian conjuring a reward of £300 to any one who could perform the trick in my presence."

TWICE AS DOGGY



Richard Tauber was not going to be humiliated by photographers—he would just hound them for a change! So two solemn dachshunds got into the picture, when the noted German tenor crossed the ocean to make his American debut.

Driverless Trains, Run From Central, Coming, Says Stamp

London.—Sir Josiah Stamp, president of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, referring to the development of the transport system, says:

"We stand at the parting of the ways. It is impossible to say whether transport is to be continuously modified or completely revolutionized by the future development of Faraday's discovery. We cannot say whether electricity will be an auxiliary to other main forms of power, or whether it will supersede them."

Sir Josiah suggested that the time might come when electric trains would operate without a driver. They would be started and stopped, by regulating the supply of current and the application of the brakes from a central control office, or even by the position of the train that preceded it.

The training of domestic servants in the use of electrical apparatus in the home was advocated by Miss Caroline Haslett. "The maid of the future," she said, "should be able not only to use electrical apparatus efficiently, but to do minor repairs so that she should be able to produce a certificate proving she has had training in electrical housecraft."

Kreiser, Charmed By Street Fiddler, Gets Her Concert

London.—Frita Kreiser, now appearing in Dublin, heard the strains of a violin while on his way to the theatre. He left his car and found a poorly dressed girl playing a violin by the curb.

So impressed was Mr. Kreiser by her playing that he asked her to come to his hotel, where he heard her play again. As a result the girl, Lillian Mack of County Westmeath has obtained a concert engagement in Dublin this week.

The reward held good for five years and was never claimed. I have made similar offers for a view of the trick during my twenty-five years' service in the Indian army without any results.

"ROOM FORTY" HELD BEST KEPT SECRETS OF WAR

Intercepted German Messages Deciphered There By Experts

London.—Sir J. Alfred Ewing, of Cambridge, the president of the British Association and former president of Edinburgh University, has thrown light on what he described as probably the best kept secret of the war. At the beginning of the war he was Director of Naval Education.

"On the day the war began," he said, "I was asked to undertake the task of dealing with the enemy cipher, and that was the beginning of what grew to be an important organization for collecting and deciphering enemy messages. Numerous listening stations were set up, at which the fleet signals and other wireless messages of the enemy were systematically taken in and telegraphed to the Admiralty to be deciphered. As many as 2,000 intercepted messages were often received and dealt with in the course of twenty-four hours. The branch of the Admiralty where this was done was called 'Room Forty' to avoid any disclosure which might excite curiosity or betray the secret. The assumed stupidity of the Brits was a most valuable asset, and it was not until the war was over that the Germans became aware how completely their confidential channels of communication had been compromised."

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times

London.—An impressive new landmark for London will take shape shortly when, on the banks of the Thames, two giant towers, over 500 feet high, are erected to carry electric cables across the river from Barking to the Kent countryside.

These pylons, on the foundations of which work has already begun, will be a monumental feature of the Central Electricity Board's scheme for the "grid" for the south-eastern area. They will bear six or eight "conductor" lines, each of which will cost £20,000 to carry across the river, and it is expected that they will be erected by the end of the year. The span of the cables will be 1,000 yards (over half a mile), and the clearance above the river at the centre will be 250 feet. Thus the towers themselves will overtop St. Paul's by 135 feet, and the lowest part of the cable, allowing for its sag, will be 110 feet higher above the river than the high-level of the Tower Bridge, which is 142 feet above water.

A smaller, though by no means insignificant tower, 330 feet high, will be constructed on the Essex side nearby, to lift the cables over the River Roding.

These Thames towers will be pre-eminent in point of size. Towers of 350 feet serve to take power across the Clyde at Renfrew, while others 340 feet in height, carry it across the Forth with a span of 3,500 feet, allowing a clearance over the water of 150 feet, just higher than the transport level of the Forth Bridge.

MODERN



The latest word in modernistic architecture is this German office building in Berlin. Gone are the cubic and square lines of the futurist, however, as the corners of the building are completely rounded, curved glass being used in the corners. More than one-third of the area of the building is glass, permitting the entrance of plenty of light.

Canada Takes Lead In New Food Process Of Quick Freezing

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times

London.—Is the day rapidly approaching when the perishable foods of all lands will be available in perfectly fresh condition to the ordinary household?

This possibility, according to what London hears from Canadian authorities, has been brought appreciably nearer realization by the success of the Canadian National Railways in shipping Pacific Coast salmon some 4,000 miles to Montreal and New York markets, delivering it in "new-caught" condition after eleven days in transport through temperatures varying from 60 to 90 degrees. This is the longest distance ever attempted in the shipment of "quick-frozen" fish.

In the "quick-freezing" process, the foods to be preserved are frozen to 20 degrees below zero, almost instantaneously. It is claimed that the delicate cell structure does not then become broken down as in ordinary slow freezing, and that the natural juices and even the natural odors of the food are thus preserved. "Quick-frozen" fish, meats, fruits, and vegetables may be handled with perfect safety at a temperature which can be easily maintained in refrigerator cars of the Canadian National type. The salmon steaks in the recent shipment were packed in individual cartons and frozen in their boxes, no hands touching them until they were opened in the consumer's kitchen as fresh as when caught.

RENEWED RISE IN IDLE TOTAL SHOCKS BRITAIN

Effect of 218,490 Increase Since December Intensified By Report on Shipping Loss

Employment Improvement Dating From Last September Suddenly Reverses

London.—A new wave of depression has swept Britain after unemployment figures had been published showing an increase of 218,490 jobs since December. Although 151,000 more are employed than last year, the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association revealed the full extent of the huge losses to British industry and British shipping during the past year. On top of that came disquieting news from China and more threats of assassinations and boycotts from India.

British business was shocked by the unemployment figures. Between September 21, the date of the suspension of the gold standard, and the end of the year, there had been a heartening increase in employment attributed to the stimulus given to the export trade by cheapening the pound and also to home industries by checking imports from those countries whose currency stood at a premium over sterling.

IMPROVEMENT SOON CHECKED
This improvement was soon checked, however, by severe exchange restrictions imposed in many countries which proved to be more prohibitive than tariffs.

A number of countries abandoned the gold standard because they could not obtain sufficient metal to pay their debts in gold, but their ability to pay their debts in sterling or buy goods in sterling was soon little greater than it was when sterling was on gold parity since it was no more plentiful.

These countries soon discovered that they could only obtain sterling with which to pay their debts or buy British goods by selling their services to Britain or by obtaining sterling loans.

As loans cannot be had and the normal banking facilities available for financing world commerce have been curtailed by the freezing of the funds through moratoriums of one kind or another, however, the monetary hindrances to the revival of international trade remain formidable, and as a result business men here are pressing for a more satisfactory means of international payment.

The remedy which Baron Emile d'Erlanger recommended at last week's meeting of the steel trust was that all the nations should learn to become better neighbors and realize that they were dependent upon each other.

HUGE LOSS TO SHIPPING
The shipowners' report shows that the volume of British exports and re-exports has fallen 39 per cent, compared with 1913. In the outward trade last year, the report states, only twenty-nine tons of export cargo were carried for each 100 net tons of shipping, compared with fifty-seven tons in 1913, a drop of almost one-half.

No other year since the war produced anything comparable to this, while the total wastage of ship carrying power in vessels actually engaged in foreign trade, and without taking account of vessels laid up, amounted last year to 23,000,000 tons.

No industry, the report states, can indefinitely maintain itself in the face of such conditions, however strong its original resources or sound its management.

The London Daily Herald asserts that a number of important financial houses are so involved in Germany's fortunes that the treasury may be forced to resort to Parliamentary legislation to save them from trouble.

A PAGE of INTEREST to WOMEN

Paris Dressmakers Are Picking Cotton!

Bibs and Tuckers, Pinafore Tops—Yes, and Gingham Frocks—Appear For This Spring; But Grandmother Will Not Recognize Them In Their Sophisticated New Versions

By ROSETTE HARGROVE

PARIS—The 1932 spring season shows every sign of being an all-cotton one. The guileless cotton bibs and tuckers and pinafore tops of yore seem to have acquired all at once an air of sophistication after they have passed through the hands of Paris creators. Even the gingham frocks have an air that is very remote from those we all wore so many years ago. This is due to a vastly improved science of cut and the desire to maintain the slender silhouette unknown in those days.

Open-mesh weaves are the order of the day for the new cottons as well as for the woolsens, and the rougher appearing the surface, the better. Coarse and sheer handkerchiefs of linens, muslins, quilted and patterned piques,

and gaily-colored chintzes figure largely for day clothes, beach pyjamas and for semi-formal evening.

WIDE-SHOULDERED EFFECTS IN DAY CLOTHES

All these novelties were features of Vera Borea's collection which started the spring showings. Following the general trend, the youthful creator places her waistline higher than normal, with skirts for sports wear twelve inches from the floor and the most ankle-length for street and semi-formal wear. The general line is form-fitting and with just a suspicion of a flare in skirts to insure freedom of movement. The fashionable wide shoulder-effect is achieved by puffs, torsades and epaulettes, the latter for day clothes.



Another spring creation by Maggy Rouff is fashioned of string-colored wool fabric trimmed with brown broadtail. Note the wide sleeves, detachable cape and bows.

Jackets accompanying skirts or dresses are all short, barely reaching the hipbone and many of them fitted. Scarfs replace collars on many of these and when weather conditions enable the wearer to discard the jacket, this scarf is twisted loosely around the waistline of the simple frock underneath. Twisted strands of wool in two contrasting colors form a torsade that finishes off a neckline or forms an original belt. Sleeves are slit in all manner of unexpected ways—at the shoulder seam, at the elbow and just above the wrist.

Every shade of blue, green, a dusty orange and much black and white are the colors stressed in this collection for day, while black and white are

also conspicuous in the evening clothes.

UNUSUAL DETAIL ENHANCE SPRING WARDROBE

Lyolene is another creator whose collection is sure of success this season. Besides her original use of cotton materials, there are a number of details, such as very wide sashes, intricately-cut puff sleeves, cotton linings matching dress or blouse to accompanying coats or jackets, unusual button effects, stressing the popular wide shoulder silhouette, and short, stiff cravats of gingham completing suits are among the many new ideas to be gleaned from this very interesting collection.

Pinafore dresses with check, printed

or plain gingham tops are a solution to the depleted dress allowance, as you can always manage two or three-color combinations to one dress. Checked blue and white, orange and white and red and white tuck-in blouses are worn with very high-waisted skirts and completed by amusing, tight-fitting jackets that barely reach the hips. Every dress and jacket features some button trimming, round ball-shaped or flat disc steel buttons being the most favored. Necklines hug the throat in all day clothes.

EMPIRE EFFECTS ACHIEVED IN EVENING CLOTHES

Evening clothes are interesting. The line is directly Empire in two or three instances, flaring gently from the knee to ankle-length hem. Sleeves are a feature in this category, too, but for the less formal type of gown. They are of elbow length, very full and caught

into a narrow band. Several find-journee dresses have black or light colored extremely high-waisted skirts and blouses that are nothing more than guimpes of sheer chiffon in a different color.

Ankle-length beach pyjamas, full-length pyjamas in interesting color combinations and attractive beach wraps of heavy, coarse-weave crash cloth are outstanding elements of interest.

Numbering Linen

If you send your linen to the laundry, when you lay in a new supply, try not only writing your name and address on the bottom of sheets and towels and the inside of pillow slips, but number them all, using odd numbers for single sheets, even for double sheets. This helps you to keep track of every single piece of linen.



An afternoon frock by Worth has a new scarf of black and white, with complementary gloves and bag.



A Lanvin late afternoon costume shows a soft silver lame with an ice-blue tinge to it, worn with a dull black crepe skirt.

A New Fashion Study In Black And White



By JOAN SAVOY

Cute things are happening to the little wraps that used to be regimented into being this or that kind of jacket. If you get a smart outfit for dressy days now, you can have a grand time seeing how you look in an abbreviated dolman, in a very brief bolero that ties under your chin, with no back or front to speak of—only sleeves—or various kinds of sleeveless topplings that make a fetish of broad-shouldered effects and then let the arms go bare!

SIMPLE AND YET—

Something very, very smart uses the age-old black-white theme in a startling, new manner.

First, there is a semi-formal little dress of the black velvet, with a twisted belt of black and white, no other touch to relieve its simplicity.

As a matter of fact, it is anything but simply cut. It fits admirably, but that is because it is so skilfully conceived.

Over this sits the cutest wrap, a sleeveless little cloak, of the black velvet, ermine outlined, that wraps itself about you. It is cut to be tucked dolman, in a very brief bolero that ties under your chin, with no back or front to speak of—only sleeves—or various kinds of sleeveless topplings that make a fetish of broad-shouldered effects and then let the arms go bare!

THE PERFECT HAT

The perfect hat for this is one that has a fitted crown of one of the new straw and a brim of starched chiffon.

You can look through these brims just as if they were face veils, and they cast precisely the same glamour of enchantment over you that a veil sometimes does.

PALM BEACH FOLK ARE SEEN IN PRINTS



White and Monotone Colors, Too, Win Favor of Florida Fashionables

By BETSY SCHUYLER

PALM BEACH—Smart ladies on these sub-tropic shores are breaking into print during the days right now, but of an evening they still prefer the conservatism of monotone colors.

Out shopping for something new and wonderful the other day, Dorothy Fell wore one of the smartest figured cotton frocks I have seen. It was all stripes, used most ingeniously, to make a plaid panel down the front and back of the skirt. The colors were several tones of blue against white and she wore a blue grosgrain ribbon sash-belt with it. Her pumps and bag and hat were white fabric.

The reprinted silk suit has many smart sponsors for such things as horse races, polo games and filling the gallery at tennis and golf. Mrs. Baldwin Brown has a rosy raspberry printed suit, with a beige background for the

They "figure" in the Palm Beach fashion parade—with figured costumes! . . . Mrs. Baldwin Brown (centre) wore a rosy printed suit . . . Dorothy Fell (at left) sponsored a cotton frock with stripes that ingeniously achieved a plaid effect in the skirt . . . Mrs. Harrison Williams (right) topped her printed suit with a shallow-crowned hat.

print, made with a short sleeved dress and long sleeved little coat, unlined.

Mrs. Harrison Williams has a sweet little printed suit with which she wears one of the new shallow crowned hats with the brim unturned in the back and only a little band around it. It is the new cellophane straw.

The opening of the Colony Club here pronounced white as the outstanding fashion for moonlight dancing this season. Princess Vassili, a guest for the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn, wore the loveliest clinging white satin gown, cut with a distinguished neckline, backless and fitted gorgeously.

Mary Brown Warburton chose white, too, a crepe gown with flowing lines, and she wore a wrap and evening turban of gold brocade. Two of the prettiest white lace gowns were those worn by Mrs. John M. L. Rutherford, which had rhinestone trimming, and Mrs. William J. Hyde, who wore a new shade of green-blue velvet for the girle and wrap.

Mending Elbows

The fancy elbow vogue in sleeves this spring gives you a good chance to use up a good dress that has worn elbows. On a plain blue, brown or black wool dress, make a turn-down collar and bow tie of polka-dotted material and put a band and bow of same around the elbow, over a patch. The tuckers freshen the frock, as well as hide mends.

NEW SPORTS DRESSES ARE OF A "DIFFERENT" STRIPE!



THEY ARE wearing some slick sports things at southern resorts this minute that give us the simplified dress silhouette that everyone—north and south—will be trotting around in before long.

These same dresses give us new angles on the high-waisted line that everyone is talking about. They do not waste much material crosswise in their waist part and the word blouse sounds like a misnomer in referring to the tight bodices most of the new things usher in. Tight, but not too tight they are, with little slackness anyway you look at them. Higher necklines, short sleeves, neat, trim lines through the body, high waists, sleek skirts, fullness from below the knees in many instances.

The modern penchant for stripes indulges itself in a new satin striped silk material that calls itself silk corduroy. This one uses the new sports shade of pink, which is between a peach and a rose tone. Flattering as can be, this color seems particularly elegant and exclusive.

This particular sports version of the silk corduroy buttons up to a plain little collar, belts with self material and is all together the type of thing that tube and tube and comes up looking brand new.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

No Lectures But Laughs At Big Feed

Willie Thinks His Tip for No Dry Talks Was Accepted by Those Who Ran Father and Son Banquet He Attended This Week; More Lemon Pies Are Wanted, He Says; Betty Looking for Big Time at Her Banquet With Her Mother

By WILLIE WINKLE

I guess if you have been reading the papers lately you have noticed that this is the season for Father and Son feeds and as soon as they get through polishing them off they are going to start in on the Mother and Daughter banquets. Of course you have got to be a little more polite in describing these affairs when you are speaking of women; they are banquets as far as women are concerned, but as regards boys—well, they are just plain feeds.

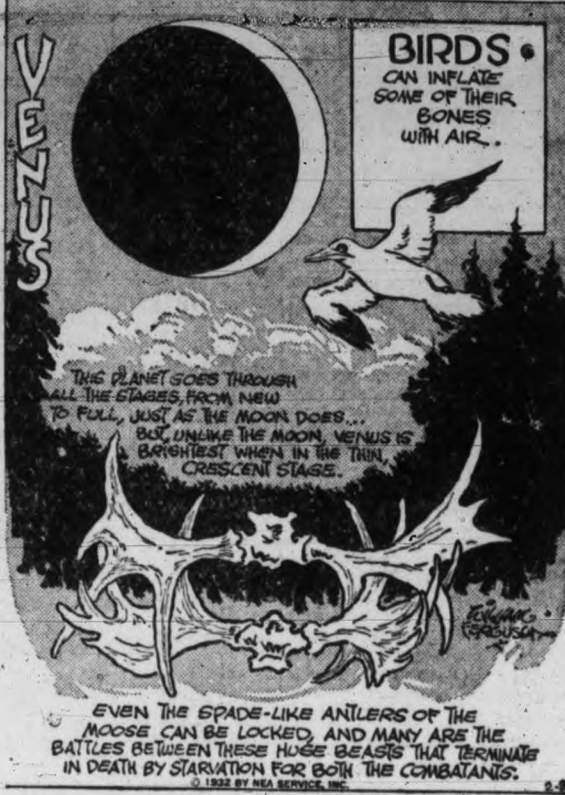
I'm glad the people who arranged the Father and Son feed I went to took my tip last year. You will remember that I told them to cut out all those long-winded speeches that went right over our heads and made us feel like going to sleep. What we boys want are snappy speeches, some good jokes that we understand and no lectures. Well, they gave them to us and we had heaps of laughs, and we got out early.

MORE LEMON PIES

There's only one tip I've got to hand out to the people who ran our feed, and that is that they have nothing but lemon pies at the next one. It seems that they put one lemon pie on a table and all the rest were apple. Apple pies are all right, but we get plenty of them at home. The guys who sit near the lemon pie get it. Before they had got through their potatoes and meat one of the Dads leaned over to his kid and said: "Let's get a piece of this before it goes," and he puts a piece on his kid's plate and then the biggest piece on his own plate. That father was a poor lemon, if you ask me. He should have seen that the boys around got the pie, but, no, I guess he figured he had had to pay thirty-five cents for his feed and he was going to get all there was going.

But I am glad I did not have to go to the Father and Son feed Jimmy Williams, who lives next floor to me, had to sit through. He said his father would have

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —



to drag him to another like that. They got some of these dry speakers and they talked about choosing jobs for boys, and how the boy should look up to his father at all times and respect him, and a thousand and one things that the boys should do.

"And they did not say what a father should do to his son, but I guess they all thought he should do the flogging. One fellow did say that about all the father got out of his family was the pleasure of paying the bills, so you can see what a dead layout I got into," said Jimmy.

"Well, say we had a father reply to our toast to the fathers and he dropped a hint that I ain't heard anyone else say?" I told Jimmy. "This father said that when the boys grew up and perhaps became smarter fellows than their fathers, that the fathers should seek advice from their sons and treat them like they knew something. He said so often fathers couldn't forget that their group-up sons were still in short pants."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE

Betty is getting all het up about going to her banquet with Mother. These women folks seem to hit things off better than sons and fathers, I think. They always fuss up so and seem to get a joy out of having on some new clothes. But Mother seems to have to nag at Dad a whole lot to get him to shave before he goes out with me and put

on a clean collar, and I admit that I don't seem to be able to brush my hair.

But just the same, I would sooner have my Dad go with me without a shave and a dirty collar on than not at all. Some of the kids in our school could not get their Dads to take them to a feed if they promised to do all the work around the house for fifty years. They would sooner sit around and monkey with a gun or a fishing rod, or go to sleep, than take their kids out, and then they expect some other man, who ain't no children, to take their kids to the feed and pay the bill.

I will tell you a big advantage about a feed of this kind is to have your grandmother on the committee arranging for the cats. After our feed my grandma came up and gave me a parcel, and told me to hold it flat until I got home. What do you think was in it?

A lemon pie!

DID YOU KNOW—?

The University of California has a machine that makes artificial snowflakes by mixing a cold and dry current of air with a warm and moist one.

More than 150 breakfasts, lunches and dinners are served to various members of the royal retinue of Buckingham Palace, London, every day.

The British Museum has a carving, dated 700 B.C., which shows an Assyrian king leading troops into battle while carrying an umbrella.

The air is so rare at the top of Mount Everest that ten breaths are required for every step taken.

With a temperature of 6,300 degrees Fahrenheit, the oxy-acetylene flame is the hottest open flame known.

In winter the staple food for the Eskimo is boiled seal and walrus meat.

George II, King of Great Britain from 1727 to 1760, was the last British sovereign to take active part in a military campaign and to participate in battle. He fought at Oudenarde in 1708, at the age of twenty-five. His last battle was against the French on June 27, 1743.

His Own System

Parent—My son has so many original ideas.

Teacher—Yes, especially in arithmetic.

BEDTIME STORY

Uncle Wiggily's Magical Ride

By HOWARD R. GARIS

Uncle Wiggily was hopping along over the fields, that were covered with snow, and through the woods where there was also snow on the trees. The rabbit gentlemen was twinkling his pink nose to keep it warm, for the weather was cold as it always is in February in Woodland near the Orange-lee Mountains.

Of course down in the jolly warm Southland, Uncle Wiggily knew that the weather was like summer, as it was in California and other wonderful places.

"But the trouble is," said Uncle Wiggily, "I don't happen to live there. Sometimes I wish I did. But still I don't mind the snow and cold for I have a warm, fur coat."

So Uncle Wiggily hopped along, over the fields and through the woods and, as he hopped, he kept his eyes wide open for he was looking for two things. He was looking for an adventure and he was also looking for a magical flying rug for Baby Bunty.

The little orphan had read, in a book of fairy stories, how a prince, the son of a king, had sat down upon a piece of old carpet he saw beside the road. And the prince wished himself back in his father's palace, for the prince was tired. Then, all of a sudden, no sooner had he



made his wish, than the rug began to fly through the air, carrying him with it as if he were on an airplane.

"Oh, I want a magical, flying rug!" Baby Bunty had said, so Uncle Wiggily went out to look for one for her.

After a while Uncle Wiggily met Jackie Bushytail, the squirrel boy.

"Have you seen an old rug around here, Jackie?" asked the rabbit.

"No, Uncle Wiggily," I haven't," Jackie chattered. "Last summer my brother Billie and I took an old rug out on the line and beat it to clean out the dust. But that was long ago."

"That isn't the rug I mean," Uncle Wiggily said. "I want a rug on which Baby Bunty and I can take a ride through the air."

"Oh, there isn't any such rug!" chattered the squirrel. "That is only a fairy story."

However, Uncle Wiggily did not give up. He hopped on and on, all of a sudden, as he passed an old stump house, where no one lived any more, the rabbit heard a howling of the wind, he saw a flurry of snow and then out in front of the house, on the ground, Mr. Longears saw a small, red rug.

"Oh, ho!" cried the rabbit gentleman, "there is the magical flying rug. I will sit on it, make a wish to be at home in my bungalow with Baby Bunty and we shall see what happens."

Then, all of a sudden, the rug lifted itself into the air, taking Uncle Wiggily with it, and through the air it flew, like a

monoplane.

"Ha! Ho! Hum!" cried the rabbit. "I have found the magical rug!"

Now, though Uncle Wiggily did not know it, this was no magical rug at all. What had happened was that as soon as Uncle Wiggily sat on the piece



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

On, on the caterpillar went. It seemed that hours and hours were spent in speeding 'cross the bumpy ground. The Tinies hung on tight. Soon Duncy said, "This is a thrill, if we don't run into a spill. I wonder if we'll land some place before the dark of night."

"Well, we'll just wait. Then we'll find out. Gee, if a lot of stars are out I wouldn't mind a night ride. It would be a pretty sight. We'd all take turns at sleeping sound and one could guard and look around. I'm feeling better now because there seems no cause for fright."

The afternoon soon passed away and then came on the end of day. They watched the sun sink over a hill and soon the moon rose high. "Ah, what a wonderful night is this," cried one. "A sight I wouldn't miss! The moon is twinkling down on us from 'way up in the sky.'"

of old, red carpet, the wind began to blow very strong and hard and, getting under the rug, it lifted it into the air with the rabbit. However, Uncle Wiggily was being blown along on the rug just as if it had been a magical one as he thought it was.

Then, as Uncle Wiggily was riding on the rug, all of a sudden out of the woods came the Woozie Wolf. Looking up, the Wolf saw the rabbit magically riding on the rug.

"What goes up must come down!" growled the Wolf. "I'll wait below here for Mr. Longears to fall off that rug. Then I'll nibble him! What fun I shall have!"

Soon the wind stopped blowing. Uncle Wiggily began to fight with the rug. He knew, then, it was not magical. But, looking down, he saw the Wolf waiting for him, hungry and with sharp teeth.

"Oh, what shall I do!" cried the rabbit. Down and down and down he fell. And all of a sudden he and the rug fell smacko and bango and bumpo right on top of the Wolf and they knocked the Bad Chap down and he could hardly breathe. He was knocked quite flat.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the rabbit as he jumped up and ran to his bungalow before the Wolf could chase him. "I had good luck even if I didn't find the fairy rug. I had a magical ride and squashed the Wolf."

Baby Bunty was disappointed that Mr. Longears didn't bring back the flying rug, but he brought her a lollypop and she was quite happy.

So that's what happened. And if the soap will wash the hands of the clock so they'll be as clean as the face, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the big snowball.

(Copyright, 1932, by Howard R. Garis)

Still Froze

Hostess—This is Capt. Banks, who has just returned from a trip to the Arctic regions.

Pretty Guest—Oh, do come nearer the fire. You must be cold.

Auntie May's Corner

No one loves spiders. The only time most people like to see them is when they are spinning their webs. At certain times of the year the spiders get into our houses and when we see them running across the floor boys want to step on them and girls sometimes get frightened. Remember what happened to little Miss Muffet of the nursery rhymes? When a big spider sat down beside her little Miss Muffet ran away.

I want to tell my young readers something about spiders I don't think they know.

If spiders were as big as men, and their strength in proportion to their size, they could easily lift a house of moderate size. This is what the men in the London zoo tell us after observing various spiders there.

Two bird-eating spiders held captives in a glass cage, recently took French leave, that is they went away without telling anyone. No one could account for their disappearance until they showed up again. It was then found that the spiders lifted the two-pouled lid off their cage and escaped.

This story is told about the large wolf-spider. He is a great fisherman, it is said, and waits alongside shallow water for a fish to swim by. He then pounces on his victim, sinking his fangs into it. Although the fish weighs from eight to ten times as much as it does, the spider generally succeeds in dragging it up on dry land and eating it.

I don't like to tell children very much about robbers and other bad men but here is a story that made me laugh when I read it and I know you will laugh, too.

A man living in Stockton, Cal., has developed a liking for robbers and this is the reason:

Returning home at night, he went to his room to retire. Under the bed he found a burglar, more scared than he was. The man made a grab at the thief but he escaped.

The man made a hurried investigation, and found nothing missing. In looking under the bed, however, he found something had been left—the burglar's hat and \$4.31 in money, which had probably dropped out of the thief's pocket as he hid under the bed. If all burglars were as good as the one in Stockton no one would mind their visits.

A little while ago I told you about two children who were lost and after a search of six hours the police found them in a moving-picture theatre. They liked the show so much they saw it over four times. Well, here is the story of two more children who got lost.

Ethel Large, eleven, and her brother, Jack, thirteen, went to the movies. Midnight came, and the two children had not returned to their home. Their frantic parents enlisted police aid. Officers went to the show the children attended and hammered on the doors. Soon the two sleepy-eyed youngsters appeared. They had stayed through two complete performances, and then fallen asleep. That show could not have been very interesting.

Mrs. Mary Kohl was setting a trap for a mouse when the telephone rang. She answered it and while talking, "Jimmy," her pet canary, who had the run of the house, approached the trap to taste of the choice cheese with which it was baited. He pecked at it and the trap sprung, breaking his neck.

The canary learnt a very important lesson, to keep his nose out of other people's business but, unfortunately, he could not profit by it because he is dead. However, it is a lesson to all of us not to push ourselves where we are not invited or where the sign says: "Danger, Keep Out."

Alain Gerbault, who might well be called "king of the lone mariners" as well as of a couple of South Sea islands, has a new boat and is preparing to sail off again to nobody knows where. Recently launched near Paris, the boat is thirty-four feet long and has a displacement of twelve tons. It is heavily ballasted with lead, to ride heavy seas. The wood is hard teak, imported from Bangkok, and it is lined with monel metal, which does not corrode. It is fitted with a comfortable library and has small sections for developing and printing photographs. Gerbault is one of the most famous sailors of our days. He is quite a tennis player in France, but he likes to wander around the world in a tiny boat. He has crossed the Atlantic in a craft about the size of a rowboat and he loves to visit the South Sea Islands. He always travels alone.

Hockey Days Are Here Again



Here is a street scene with a couple of roller hockey teams in action. Victoria boys love to play roller hockey. Some take the precaution to play on blind streets where they have little to fear from motor cars, but when blind streets cannot be found the boys set up their goals on the main thoroughfares and trust to luck and the tooting of motor car horns. In the above picture the goal-keeper has a goal made out of the end of a box and he has not left many holes that the puck can slip through.

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—



"Theophilus" Diary of Victoria-California Trip Reveals What One Victorian Saw and His Reactions

Observant and well informed as was the old Roman whose name he now carries as his nom de plume, "Theophilus," of The Victoria Daily Times staff, on his recent trip to California, kept a diary in which he recorded his impressions and reactions. The interesting personal chronicle follows:

FROM VICTORIA, OFF SEATTLE, SATURDAY, AT DUSK

THE West Point light was on the boat's left, a superior shining luminary in the electric light firmament over the suburbs of Seattle; its pulsing three times white, three times red, with an interval of pale glow; the smaller low lights, some shining white steadily, others pulsing off and on, helped to remind us we were approaching a country with a new set of laws.

I had just been reading in The Cosmopolitan, H. G. Wells on his world state idea, which at that time seemed particularly sensible. As I lay with my feet up on the big horseshoe-shaped, leatherbacked Chesterfield in the smoking-room of the Princess Kathleen, I reflected that the two United States immigration men, sitting opposite me and returning to Seattle for their Sunday, would hardly agree with H. G. Wells. As Wells says, if there were not some fifty sovereign states in the world, if the world were one state, there would be no need for immigration laws or immigration men.

But now colored neon lights were shooting more urgently into view; we gathered our bags and prepared to face the customs and present our alien head tax slips.

A watery snow was dribbling down as a taxi drove me along one of Seattle's main streets, pink glowing with neon signs. "Closing out sales," "change of policy sales," everywhere, and the streets deserted. I boarded the California-bound train at 11:15 o'clock.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY MORNING, 6:30 O'CLOCK

THE snow had turned into a damp dark slush as I walked from the station to snatch some breakfast. I have never yet seen Portland, the city of roses, under favorable weather circumstances. The Rudie Wilhelm Storage Company sign loomed out of the early morning dusk, reminding me that Portland has some of the best amateur golfers on the continent. There was a sign on a street corner, "Buy Christmas Seals, Help Fight Tuberculosis," suggestive of home and the pretty square of seals which the Victoria Kiwanis Club mails citizens each year.

In Portland station I watched the north-bound train roar in from New Orleans, thirteen coaches trailing like a snake. There was a nun who got off; two or three men I placed as plainmen or ranchers; a few Mexicans, and the usual bevy of immaculately dressed Americans and fur-clothed women.

Gandhi and the Pope's refusal to see him in his loin cloth was the subject of conversation in my coach. "So that was news," I thought. Why, I had heard the story from a Victoria telegraph editor at noon the previous day.

I spent some of Sunday morning reading an abominably typical Hollywood movie gossip magazine (illustrated), and learned how many times the stars had married and which particular stars were at that moment ranked as home-breakers and ruthless sirens, and why Clark Gable was a typical American and why the women couldn't help loving him; the whole illustrated with him and Joan Crawford kissing (the film, "Possessed") and spiced with a suggestion that Joan might like his way of kissing better than Doug Jr.'s and that something might happen to Doug a certain connubial bliss, etc., etc.

OREGON VISTA

AN overcast sky; rain now and then; low rounded hills covered with lean timber, and, intermittently, a small mountain close in, capped with snow, perhaps draped in mist clouds; often on the horizon the white backbone of the formidable Coast Range; always level, broad sweeps of land, with short brown bristly grass, like a day's growth on a man's face.

Sometimes this land appears under cultivation; a lot of it is swamped. Dots on the landscape are cows and sheep grazing. No view of the sea, just dirty casual water. Altogether a brown dreariness relieved by the surprising patches of snow that have slipped down from the hills and

are cleanly divided from the brown fields, relieved, too, by the fleecy white of clouds over the southern horizon, which seem to promise better weather and sunny California.

As we go further into southern Oregon, about 600 miles from San Francisco, the brown fields become scarcer or are now slanting foothills below uprearing mountain tops, green with thin fir and cedar and half-heartedly white with scant snow. It becomes like Vancouver Island approaching the Malahat. The railway cuts more often through red-rusted clayey banks, and we commence to ascend.

The distant white banks of the hills are sometimes criss-crossed like a big railway depot with dead black logs; the snow deepens; the locomotive pants like a dog up the grade. Withered oak trees, now, hung with dead, pale green twigs.

A large dog at a farmhouse howls at the train; we see him with jaw open but cannot hear him. A woman and her small child look out from the window of the house. How strange it is for these people! Rarely do they travel themselves, yet many times a day they see a column of dark grey steel speed past, bound for who knows what magic places.

Now we pass through what seems the basin of a long, narrow valley. The snow has moved into the background. The brown fields, tilted in conformance with the valley's shape, once more appear under cultivation. A sluggish river follows the rails. It is a general farming area and Roseburg, where the three prettiest girls in the reclining chair coach leave us, is a typical town. To us in Victoria it is perhaps hard to imagine a full-baked town without some sort of access to the sea, but these uninviting agricultural towns appear primarily dependent on the land and the railway.

LATE AFTERNOON

THE blue sky at last, at last, the sun shining in fits and making the wet landscape glitter happily. The train puffing on toward the California border, to the state which the chambers of commerce present to prospective travelers as the land of romantic possibilities, of waving palms under the sun, of exotic women and, in fact, of appeasement to a tourist.

Into the mountains packed under snow again and through a deep cut in the rocks. A river, clay red and flowing rapidly. We keep on winding through mountain valleys; so little wind had penetrated there that the white smoke from previous trains, added to our own, and to the glare from the ever thickening snow, made a white blind at certain points.

A pale quarter moon appears in the sky and we commence to make preparations for the night. As we join the smokers in their own little compartment where the wash basins are also, and as we try to wash-train-coach grime away with the meagre supply of cold water, we watch through the window the sun asserting itself one last time in a pink glow on a round, snow-white, fire-baked mountain top. What we see to-morrow will be California.

The newspaperman appears everywhere. I was into the Pacific car while the Pullman porter, a stolid, inscrutable negro, made my berth; and there I heard a man say: "We will be late and the best we can do is to make a local out of it." The jargon made me look closer and sure enough there was no mistaking them, two reporters, a man and young woman. They were from San Francisco and had been covering an out of town assignment.

MONDAY MORNING

EIGHT inches of snow fell in northern California during the night, the porter told us, but when morning came the snow melted, leaving a California landscape before us. Low, rounded hills bare of trees, a bare landscape pricked with the shafts of oil wells, with telephone and electric light posts, and dotted here and there, low industrial buildings done in drab colors; an occasional small town.

Then Oakland, the trip across the Golden Gate, piled at no time during the day by less than six feet. It seems, and finally San Francisco, the weather passably fine. Santa Barbara the next morning.

SANTA BARBARA

SANTA BARBARA is a small city by the Pacific Ocean, about 250 miles south of Frisco and 100 miles north of Los Angeles, and having a certain Spanish-Mexican coloring. A billboard there advertising a brand of cigars and including a picture of a round-faced Mexican in a large sombrero seemed to rhyme with the atmosphere of

the place. The majority of structures are, "El something" or "La something," the prefixes being the Spanish-Mexican masculine and feminine of "the." The Los Angeles newspapers, widely circulated in Santa Barbara, carry a column of news and proclamations in Mexican.

Santa Barbara is like Victoria, in that its social life looms larger than its business life; in its dependence on the money of visitors and temporary residents; in its possessing one morning and one evening newspaper and a quiet distinctive beauty, a southern beauty. There such people as Fleischman (yeast) and Harkness (oil) have spare homes, and the son of one of Henry Ford's original partners. The father sold out his share in Ford for \$30,000,000, I was told, and died soon after. His \$30,000,000 son has a young wife and the couple are noteworthy because, though they have five cars, including a Duesenberg, they prefer to drive around in a Ford; also because, after three years of married life, they appear still very much in love, go arm in arm on the golf links and, I hear, are not averse to public embracing.

Will Rogers very much enjoys an occasional game of polo on the Santa Barbara Fleischman polo field. This field appears like a billiard table from the highway.

The Santa Barbara architecture is chiefly Spanish; the houses of the rich are small in comparison with Rockland Avenue mansions. In some places big oaken pillars come down from the oak rafters into the middle of a drawing-room, which quite possibly may be decorated with Spanish chests, tapestries and wall engravings and miscellaneous curios. In the fashionable suburb, Montecito, which rests under the frown of a steep, gray hill, the low Spanish homes, in white and brick red, are hidden among sweet smelling southern vegetation, and you can go into the front gardens and pick an orange.

STILL SANTA BARBARA

There is no Lord's Day Alliance in Santa Barbara forbidding movies on Sunday. But the Montecito people perhaps prefer not to go to the regular theatres on Sunday, which is the day when cook and butler are "off." The Montecitos might possibly have a buffet supper at the Montecito Club, and then sit down in the lounge, smoke and listen to an Eddie Cantor talkie or whatever show the management thinks the members would like. The Biltmore Hotel, where no room can be got for less than \$12 a day and where the beautiful Lily-Danette was staying for a short time, also has talkies regularly.

The incessant swell of the Pacific confronts those who look seaward, and on an ordinary day the blue sky casts a soft Mediterranean blue over the water. When the sun shines over the city section, it reflects a glare of white light, with a clay-like red relief, from the Spanish structures. On State Street, the main street of Santa Barbara, groups of Mexicans loiter and give you that inert, slightly impudent, dog-like stare that seems the special acquisition of half-breeds. If one knows where to go one can buy in some small cubby hole of a tobacco shop the long brown Mexican cigarettes smuggled across the border, less than ten hours' drive away.

The Santa Barbarians (as I took pleasure in calling acquaintances of mine down there) appear to possess a real civic pride. Not only are there fountains, green vegetation, flowers, paintings and various subtle color effects throughout the city buildings; the buildings themselves are often artistically built, with porticos, arches, loops and delightful inner patios opening in the sky. Santa Barbara a number of years ago had a bad earthquake, which shook down all the high buildings. It was rebuilt low. The tallest structure in town is a theatre which would be regarded as a great space-waster in mid-Los Angeles. Another evidence of civic pride is the coldness with which chain-store executives who wish to "start" there are regarded.

A CONTRAST

ESSENTIALLY aristocratic, Santa Barbara has its contrasts. A familiar personality in the street (if such a pitiable human has "personality") is a middle-aged man without legs who sits on a board kept an inch above the pavement by four sets of roller-skate wheels, one set at each corner on the board, and propels himself along the sidewalk oh, so slowly! by pushing with his hands against the pavement.

Then, of course, there are the relief-gangs now working, it appears, on some beach boardwalk job; there are men who come up and ask you for a bit of change to get a cup of coffee and something to eat. The unemployed of the western states, I was told, tend to drift to warm California for the winter.

In contrast, there is a Montecito millionaire

whose ancestors for generations have carried the germ of insanity in their blood, whose blank mind appears perpetually trying to fish up something it had let slip long ago, but which perhaps rests down in his subconsciousness, to be extracted some day. Twice a week, this middle-aged millionaire, who has just to tell his financial advisers what he wants and it is procured, listens, sometimes alone, to a symphony orchestra in private concert at his home.

The millionaire decided he wanted to have Grace Moore, one of the stars of the Metropolitan Opera, sing for him. So on Christmas Day he had Miss Moore and his symphony orchestra at his house. There were ten guests. Miss Moore's fee, I was told, was something over \$1,000.

SANTA BARBARA SUNSET

THERE is practically no twilight in southern California. At 5 o'clock on a winter's day the warm, breeze-blown air of the Coast, scented with the smell of the lemon groves and the sweet, citrus smell of the land, is clear, and the steep bare hills behind Montecito stare down with bold face. But now the sun sinks over the blue sea and the low blue sea-hills far away to the west. Loath to die, it paints the west in a red soft glow, a coloring unlike the deeper, rugged sunset of western Canada, and its effort at deathlessness is a beautiful, quiet tapestry in the west ribbed with thin dark seams and, on the hills above Montecito, a bronze glow.

Dusk claps the land suddenly. The Montecito hills lose their distinctness. The wind, like a cold man, hurries in from the sea to the warm places. In the groves, darkness comes even more suddenly. If one is out walking one is caught and loses one's way among the disordered, capricious roads of the highlands. One passes oak trees which a moment before were tipped with gold but which are now darkened and darkening in their groves. The leaves of these oak trees are green in midwinter and are smaller and less wrinkled than those of the northern oaks.

LOS ANGELES

ONE fine noon we turn our car south and set out for Los Angeles, along the four-way highway with its outer alleys reserved for trucks and cautious automobilists who do not average over forty miles per hour, and its inner alleys for speedsters who are quite capable of averaging fifty-five.

These Californians, by the way, have convenient laws regarding speeding. A "cop" must be in a white-painted car or on a white motorcycle and must trail you for one block before he can ticket you. However, if he has once got on your tail, you haven't much chance. No car can get away from a motorcycle, and if, as a member of a European aristocracy was once fabled to do, you can draw away from a white automobile, the officer merely radios down the highway to the next car, and, since the message goes 186,000 miles a second, you haven't a chance.

We drive between a long row of eucalyptus trees, with their white, peeled trunks resembling arbutus, and past low dry hills, their sides studded with repellent light green cactus, rattlesnakes and tarantulas sheltered in the hot valleys between them. We see the fields, sheds and hills where Richard Barthelmess was filmed in "The Dawn Patrol."

"WORLD'S LARGEST"

AND now the "World's Largest" motif is struck. On our left, nearing Hollywood and just before Mack "Bathing Beauty" Sennett's plant at Studio City, we see the "world's largest" walnut farm, and the cages where the "world's largest" trained lion menagerie is housed, and on a large billboard we see Hollywood, "entertainment and amusement centre of the world," advertised.

A dense smoke over low hills in the distance is Los Angeles. A swagman woman in a Packard moans by, a small sign in yellow above her rear license plate reading: "Repeat 11th Amendment."

LOS ANGELES RHAPSODY

LOS ANGELES, perhaps the most rambling, most "inflated" modern city—a city of 2,000,000 population, that includes Hollywood as a suburb, that is hard and fast, but paradoxically, noted as the stamping ground of many and varied religious cranks, that is additionally enchanting to the callow newcomer because he confidently expects to see Greta Garbo out shopping.

—Alma McPherson's Temple, "where," as Edmund Wilson writes, "good-natured but thrilling, native angels guard the big red radio tower and see that their kind mistress's voice does not set a vibration of its warmth when it reaches you in your sitting-room at home."

—Nuestro Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles (to give Los Angeles its full

Spanish-Mexican title, translated, "The City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels") "has more lovely girls serving peach 'freezes and sandwich specials with little pieces of sweet green pickle on the side than any other city in the world," the same writer remarks. He is typical of a class of Americans who refuse to take Los Angeles seriously, it seems so overgrown boyish.

We visit the Hollywood apartment of a man and his wife. The hostess offers us cigarettes out of a revolver cigarette holder. Pull the trigger and the holder opens. Gin, whiskey, synthetic drugstore wine are on a kitchen shelf. No American seems to take the personal issue in prohibition seriously, though as a principle he may theorize about it endlessly.

A tourist amusement in greater Los Angeles, indeed, is visiting the speakeasies (or, speakeys), where you are "hooked" 100 per cent on every drink. A strong reason for the high cost of drinks is that thirsty patrons have innocently to shoulder the large graft payments these places make to the various authorities. The Seabury commission investigating Mayor Jimmie Walker's activities suggests that in New York alone the speakeasies' graft bill is between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000 yearly.

One speakeasy is in the basement of a large public garage. "Radio Club, Private," is the sign covering the peep-hole the smooth-spoken racketeer squints through when you knock. "No, madam, I'm sorry but we can't admit you." Madam, however, whispers in mistle's ear the names of three prominent Los Angeles bootleggers, and it is a good enough passport.

HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD is nothing on the outside; its life is lived out of sight, in the studios. Hollywood has a "real estate" appearance. The houses on a street are often almost all alike, as though put up "on spec." Two or three boulevards are entirely devoted to stereotyped apartments. Boulevards apparently correspond to our arterial highways. You can get a good apartment surprisingly cheap for, down there, about \$40 a month, though a new place had just been opened for \$250 a month. Arresting extremes around Los Angeles. Office girls whose families are forced to live far out from the heart of Los Angeles often take apartments during the working days and go home for the week-end. (Thus the famous Hollywood apartment parties, I imagine.)

But the movies and the stars! The stars aren't to be seen in daylight around the streets, like less ethereal persons, in spite of the fact they rest so helplessly on public adulation. If you want to eat an expensive dinner at the Coconut Grove (Clay Arheim's orchestra) or at the Hollywood Brown Derby, which is a large eating hall lying level on the ground, you may quite possibly glimpse the stars.

STAR STORIES

THE stars seem a funny bunch, according to certain stories I heard. They have themselves painted for not less than \$1,000 a canvas, and if an artist is indiscreet enough to charge them \$500 they tear up the painting because nothing less than \$1,000 can possibly have any merit.

The stars keep their names out of the regular telephone directory. They have a private telephone directory, just of stars alone, circulated, and only people in close contact with the celluloid racket can get a copy. If you want to hitch your wagon to a star, you have to see his or her publicity agent first.

The movie industry seems in a bad way. The moguls running it are being called dumb and wasteful. Several big companies are near broke. I heard. The general selfishness of the different concerns is acting like a boomerang bomb. One company holds an actor, a scenario writer, a director, at a big salary so as to keep him from the rival, and yet perhaps can't make use of him or her. Salaries are far too high. Hollywood doesn't seem to have had any idea of the value of money. Now the companies, in desperation, are reported to be producing cheap, inferior shows and leaving alone the million dollar spectacles. "Fresh blood, fresh blood," cry the critics.

Hollywood has "Chinese" and "Egyptian" theatres, with what culture supposedly typical of the countries and with Anglo-Saxon employees sitting dressed up in Chinese and Egyptian fashion. But if you think these theatres are just for Chinese and Egyptians, you don't know your Hollywood.

A LOS ANGELES NIGHT

WE first go to an eating place in central Hollywood, where the patrons sit around in their cars and are served on trays attached to the car door, brought by uniformed girls.

Then to the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles, with its moving belt of neon letters, a foot high,

chasing around the outside of the building, high up, and flashing in ticker-tape fashion the latest world news to the people in the streets below and the automobilists held up at the stop signs. Inside the theatre, we hear and see on the screen one of the William Randolph Hearst Democratic anti-extended moratorium politicians. He draws applause from the audience with his plea that United States business needs the debt money to bring back prosperity. We also think we find out that theatre audiences lack a conspicuous sense of humor.

Then to the Hollywood Hotel Roosevelt for a night's sleep. Here we dance to Hal Greyson. Sleep is disturbed by the incessant roar of traffic. It is as though an elevated railway was operating under the window all night.

Los Angeles traffic, like all American traffic, is a marvel. Cars go fast, real fast, they stop and whizz! They go! You manoeuvre for position, you try to beat your neighbor, sometimes there is hot language, but remarkably few accidents. On a Saturday afternoon three policemen direct traffic at each main intersection. Newsboys rush out to sell papers to car drivers at the stop signs. Papers come out every hour.

We breakfast in the hotel in the morning and read there had been four big hold-ups the previous night. The featured robber was the pyjama-girl bandit whose technique hit the headlines because it was novel. She had stopped a man and asked him for a dime to get a cup of coffee and something to eat, an old story. The man produced a \$243 bankroll and picked off a dollar bill from the top. Whereupon the pyjama girl in turn produced a revolver and picked off the roll.

We also read in the social columns that Mrs. So-and-so had entertained John Barrymore, etc., at the tea hour in her Beverly Hills home.

MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES

THE street is long. On a Saturday night it is filled with a seething throng; some, like ourselves, just curious; the great majority, a shabby crowd. For on Main Street are the "lower" amusement places. Burlesque, i.e., film or vaudeville shows laden with dirty jokes; pictures outside small windows of nude women, with an invitation to pay your dime and see Beauty and Hawaiian Hula-hulas (of course these are washouts); freak shows, such as a woman sucking a monkey, or human beings who have been maimed and know the value of their wounds in dollars and cents; peep boxes where for a cent you start a machine revolving and see things; places to gamble your small change away. The street is reminiscent of a fair, except that the "shows" are just off the sidewalk of a big city street.

Tight packs of people here and there. If one joins the edge of one of these crowds one finds that someone is talking something and trying to get the easy marks. But Los Angeles people are not notable easy victims, though they do fall for their Alma McPhersons, screen stars, real estate and oil propositions. A Salvation Army man wanted ten dimes; they were to be thrown on an Army drum at his feet, but he was still asking for them when we left.

TEN CENTS A DANCE

THE 10-cent dance hall, immortalized for America can posterity by actress Barbara Stanwyck in the film "Ten Cents a Dance" and by songster Ruth Etting in the gramophone recording of the same title, are along Main Street. You pay your dime and you dance once with a girl who is usually pretty in a cheap way. If a man patron, usually a half-breed or nondescript, rudely jostles you, you don't say anything. Half-breeds in dime washstands are the usual music makers. A hush hangs down below is where the girls expect you to feed them.

Here are some random signs at a typical 10-cent dance hall: "Pay Dreamland a visit to-night and forget dull care." "You furnish the dime, we furnish the girl." "Sailors always welcome." "Bachelor's Paradise." "U. R. never too old to dance." "Refreshments fit for any Romeo downstairs." "Free golf tees, ask cashier." "When your liver's on the blink, you don't have to try a drink, just try dancing" (poetry).

In the hash house downstairs: "Don't hesitate to ask for credit; you will receive a prompt and polite refusal." "If you drink our beer you will have no kick coming." "Don't ask for information; if we knew anything we wouldn't be here."

PARTING SHOT

UP Main Street, before getting on to Broadway, we stopped at an open street booth to satisfy our curiosity and thirst with an "orange Julius." When we asked the man what this good drink was made of, he slanged: "Orange juice and egg whipped up. Say, where do you come from? It's been out nine years." A passing shot from the city affectionately known as "L.A."

—THEOPHILUS.

Capt. Rutt of "Kilmalu" Gives Bob Davis His Romantic Sea Story

Bob Davis, internationally-known columnist of The Evening Sun of New York, whose assignment is to search out and in his column tell New York about the most interesting persons and places in all corners of the globe, came to Victoria recently. He found so much on this Island New York wanted to read about that he remained here several days. Escorted by George I. Warren of the Victoria Chamber of Commerce, he visited many interesting parts of this Island. The copyrighted column which resulted on the editorial page of The Sun as a result of Mr. Davis's visit to Captain Rutt at "Kilmalu," Mill Bay, and which has been syndicated through a large number of allied newspapers, follows:

By BOB DAVIS

Mill Bay, Vancouver Island.

OUT of Victoria flows a winding road known as the Malahat Drive. Over hill and mountain, through groves and valleys it penetrates a landscape that at every turn reveals flashes of the sea. Along this highway, which is little less than an endless panorama, appeared a signboard upon which appeared the single word: "Kilmalu."

"Who lives there?" I asked of George Warren, who sat at the wheel.

"A retired sea captain who spent most of his life in Australian waters," replied my escort, "old friend of mine."

"Swing in. Mariners are my meat."

AFTER a drive of two miles on the down grade to the very shores of the Pacific, which ebbs and flows through a thousand islands that completely surround the parent Vancouver, we brought up in front of a five-

gabled cottage set in the midst of fruit trees and flower beds. What an ideal spot for a man of the sea, to spend his wise and concluding years in the helm.

The captain, small in stature, straight as an arrow and still this side of sixty, stepped out on his veranda like a master mariner treading the bridge of a ship and announced: "I'm out waiting for the social formalities that we were just in time for luncheon. That's the sort of a man I like to visit."

"Captain Rutt," I asked, once my feet were beneath his excellent table, "what induced you to retire from the high seas and take up your abode in this haven of quiet?"

FOR a full minute he fixed his attention upon me and then launched into his narrative, his eyes wandering from time to time over the marine paintings that decorated the walls of his dining-room. Although, in a manner of speaking, his feet

were on terra firma, his mind was on the bounding main and the memories of those brave days when the wind was in the rigging and his hand was on the helm.

"I shipped in 1887 at sixteen," he began "on a sailing ship out of Liverpool, serving five years as an apprentice, able seaman and eventually as officer. That was in the wind-jamming days."

"The era of adventure!" I interrupted. "None for me," said the captain, "that is to say nothing of great importance; just the straightaway life of a sailor with no drama worth mentioning. In the course of time I got out from under canvas and came into the steam era, covering the seven seas and seeing pretty much of this world from the quarter deck, principally in South American waters and in the Antipodes."

"And in all those forty-odd years nothing thrilling occurred."

"Not on a ship," answered the captain cryptically. "But something that happened to me on a dredge might be considered more or less exciting. If that's what you mean. It is rare that one who has captained first-class passenger ships should meet the big moment of his career on a contractor's scow, but I suppose you want the truth. In December, 1911, down on the east coast of South America I was commissioned to deliver for construction work in Buenos Aires an old-fashioned square ended bucket dredge to the mouth of the Rio de Plata along an inside passage between Lobos Island and Maldonado. I had but six men in my crew. We were moving along about 4 a.m. in quiet waters at four knots an hour, the maximum speed for a dredge, when a black pall suddenly swept in from the southwest and darkened the breaking day. Nothing faster or more appalling ever came over me in all my experience at sea. I knew at once that we were in the

path of the dreaded pompero, which breaks with the fury of a hurricane; a wind of such velocity that even a reefed sailing ship or a steamer is practically helpless in its path. But a dredge, square ended, carrying a burdensome superstructure and containing a well under half the forward end and about as seaworthy as a wood box, was the last thing afloat to stand against the thunders of a pompero. We were in about five fathoms of water four miles from shore, and the whole bed of the sea appeared to be lifting into a mountain of water upon the crest of which we were tossed like a cork. Seamanishness was of no avail. Under the tearing blast boards became detached from the structure amidships as though a lumber yard was being hurled upon us by a cyclone.

ALL light faded from the sky and pitch darkness descended in the space of ten minutes after the first gust of wind and water struck us. As it was impossible to stand against the atmospheric pressure that increased every minute we hugged the deck and along the engineroom, clinging to whatever fixed objects we could lay hands upon. When the tempest was at the apex of its indescribable bellowing an electric display broke overhead, illuminating the sheets of rain traveling obliquely with the lightning. For nearly an hour the storming like artillery and lashing in every direction, made the firmament resemble a vast field of cracked china-ware; splitting the upper regions into geometrical fragments. Onward in the grip of the pompero the groning dredge hurled, struck a sandbar on St. Rafael beach, six miles east of Maldonado Point, which we had passed at 3.05 a.m. rose on the tidal wave of wild water, cleared the bar and piled

up a hundred yards inland, a total wreck. All hands dashed ashore through water waist deep. By six o'clock that same morning the dredge was smothered under a blanket of sand, where she remains to this day. Captain and crew of the ill-fated wood-box walked four miles through dense underbrush to a place of human habitation. Twelve years later I left the sea and while returning to England halted at Vancouver Island, liked it better than any place I ever saw, and here I am. But there are two other reasons for my quitting the sea. There they are," concluded Capt. Rutt, rising and opening the door, "just home from a walk in the woods."

His wife, who had wisely robbed the sea of a sailor and his three-year-old daughter—and a beauty—entered the room.

We came up and made a respectful salute while Capt. Rutt presented the two visiting land lubbers.

Society "Racket" Palls, Toronto Debs Quit Gay Life; Find New Interest in Cooking, Making Dresses and Being Useful

THERE may be a slump in the Canadian society racket just now, but this year's debs are going places and seeing things just the same. But not in the way you think. Not so much of the bright-light stuff. It is more of a thirst for knowledge to fill up time.

Oh, it's nothing new, they'll tell you. They've always wanted to study art, sew their own clothes or bury themselves in German and Italian tongue-twisters. But, as The Toronto Daily Star reports after an inquiry into smart-set developments, when we tell you one very attractive young deb is going to be a nurse, or know the reason why, practically taking the veil for three years, and another has baked a cake and says she likes housekeeping, you'll agree that things are picking up.

DOWNTOWN jobs are barred. During the Christmas rush some worked in department stores. But now they're giving them the go-by. It's a case of hands off the other girl's job. It wouldn't be fair. They don't need them anyway. But they say they're working. University, social relief, studying—for exams and getting the hang of this art and music business. And what are they going to do when the swatting is over? There you are. They're not sure. Just look around, some say.

And, believe it or not, most of them think woman's place is in the home. That is, as long as nobody is going to try and stop them from getting out. It's all in the way you look at these things.

Miss Barbara Lee, for instance, a pretty blonde debutante, is the one who's going to give the hospital a helping hand. We asked her about it. In fact, we said: "What's the big idea?" She laughed nicely. "Oh, yes—but I thought I'd like to do something."

YEH—BUT this nurse stuff is a hard life—won't be much fun? "Yes. Yes, there are a lot of dances this year, too."

"Well, why pick on this year?" "I want to be able to get a car in four years." "Why not get it now on the installment plan and take a chance on the four years?"

This apparently wasn't quite the idea, so we shot off on a tangent. "What do you people think of this?" "Oh, they were against it when I signed on last year, but they're looking on the brighter side of things now, if any."

One side not so bright is that as a nurse she will only get off from 7 till 10 in the evening, if at all.

"Now, as to the psychology of it," we suggested. "You know—the deep stuff. What really is the big idea?" "I just wanted to be able to do things on my own."

"A sort of profession in case the folks go bust and you'll be sitting pretty?" "I guess that's the idea."

"Well, talking about going bust, you're not making your own dresses, are you?" "No, but I'm doing some charity work, sewing and so on."

"Ready hand in hard times sort of stuff?" "Something of the sort."

HARD times. That reminded us. "But you're still able to buy your own dresses?" "Oh, yes. Very nice. There's going to be a flood of sunshine around Wellesley Hospital on or about February 16. That's the arrangement. But you're all aching to hear about this cake. So here goes.

There has been a general opinion among the debs that housework was not so hot in one way and another. They answered—the question about housework in much the same tone they might have replied that they didn't do any housebreaking. So it was a bombshell. And, incidentally, so we are assured, a good cake.

It was Miss Isabel Homestead who sprang the big surprise.

"How about housework?" We'd asked the same question about twenty times and it always brought thumbs down. "Love it." "What?" "Yes—do a lot of it." We were impressed.

"Can you cook?" "Can I?—I baked a cake."

"When?" She said something we didn't quite get.

"Last winter?" we hazarded. "No—last week."

We were treading on thin ice. "How—how did it turn out? All right? We hated to ask, but you've got to get at the truth. Fine—they said it was great." Just imagine that!

MISS HOMESTEAD is doing university settlement work and worked at a large department store during the Christmas rush. So did her friend, Miss Mary Booth, another deb. We asked about this "shop girl" role and life in the big city. "It wasn't so good walking around the store all day and then trying to dance at night," was the verdict. "What about getting another job?" "I don't think it would be fair to the girls who need them." Fair enough. Anyway, it didn't go with the dancing. And also, the cake we spoke of had absolutely nothing to do with

getting engaged. That was definite. They had no future plans, and, if we had to know, women's place was probably in the home.

And talking about women's place. Whether it was in the home or not, Betty Heighington of Woodlawn Avenue. "If women think they can support themselves—let them go to it," she said. Sporting enough offer at that.

"Then you think they should stick around the house?" "Leave politics to the men, anyway."

"Talking about sticking around the house—ever do any housework?" "Well, I certainly can't cook—if that's what you mean."

"Well, then, what about getting married?" "Haven't thought of that yet."

"How about a job in the city?" Earning a living was not so good either. And she thought most girls took household science to equip themselves with an eye to future domestic life, and not getting a job as cook-general or assistant chef. Add to this an idea of being independent and you've got it.

And talking about moderns. Joyce Livingstone, 17 Edgar Avenue—and, by the way, they're all pretty, so why repeat it?—had to escape to McGill to concentrate. Her pals went down in droves to see her, but she is sticking to her guns. She speaks German, French and Italian. What she wants to do now is write them. "Do you think she'll want to be a professor of languages or something?" we asked Mrs. Livingstone. Her mother sighed. "How can I know? She might be dressing hair for all I can tell." So, that's how much a mother can tell.

IN PRETTY blonde Miss Sheila Ramsay of Forest Hill we found another deb, who was ready to renounce the bright lights and hang out her shingle at the university, and she came home from abroad to do it, too. "What about earning your own living when you are through college?" was our first shot. "Oh, I want to get a job."

"And earn your own living?" "Yes."

"What about the good times and so on—prepared to give them up?" "Oh, yes."

"Figure that you've had your good

time and quite prepared to get down to business, eh?" "Yes—I've certainly had my good time." She's taking moderns.

And talking about moderns. Joyce Livingstone, 17 Edgar Avenue—and, by the way, they're all pretty, so why repeat it?—had to escape to McGill to concentrate. Her pals went down in droves to see her, but she is sticking to her guns. She speaks German, French and Italian. What she wants to do now is write them. "Do you think she'll want to be a professor of languages or something?" we asked Mrs. Livingstone. Her mother sighed. "How can I know? She might be dressing hair for all I can tell." So, that's how much a mother can tell.

MISS PEGGY THISTLE, Oriole Gardens, is studying for university exams. She's not even toying with the idea of a job yet. We thought perhaps the work might be too hard. "Does your work interfere with the siddy round?" was the way we put it. She had one ready. "It should—but I don't let it."

"Just filling in time—people don't want to lose all the time," was Miss Isabel Pepall's neat way of putting the reason for Varsity attendance. She was

definitely off housekeeping, cooking and getting a job. And the "women's place is in the home" gag brought: "I don't think anybody pays any attention to that." And we're beginning to think they don't either.

WE RAN ACROSS more dreammaking operations in Miss Mary Gibson. It seems that a lot of these girls have been making a flock of their own clothes for many years and getting away with it.

"What about the toney evening frock?" Could you run one of those off? "Hardly—I just make the 'Everyday ladies' wear." "That's it." The idea was not new. She's been doing it for years—and liking it. Miss Gibson has studied the theory of housekeeping in a course. That's enough. Why go into the practical side of it? The job idea is off, too. It's the working girl's. And nobody worries where the women's place is, either.

Miss Margot Clarkson, 58 Admiral Road, third year in Varsity, is going to "look around" when she gets out. And that's not a new idea, either. And another thing—when Miss Owen Jones, Balmoral Avenue, gets all the inside dope at the art schools, that'll be plenty time to look around for an empty studio. That's her story.

Walter Damrosch, Dean of Symphony Orchestra Conductors, At 70, Looks to New and Greater Musical Achievements

By PAUL HARRISON

THE years of Walter Johannes Damrosch have reached three score and ten. But the dean of symphony conductors is looking forward; his kindly blue eyes, like his ambition, still undimmed. Over the radio the kindly old musician has come to be known personally in every cranny of this continent.

He refuses even to speculate on the time of his retirement. His seventieth birthday means just another Saturday to him—another day of hard work, and preparation for other busy days to come.

OF COURSE, he will cherish the stack of telegrams and letters that represent the well-wishes of the world's musically-great on this anniversary. But he will value them no more than the usual run of fan mail with which he regularly is deluged.

For Damrosch remains awed by the scope of the radio work through which his old fame has been renewed a thousand-fold. He delights in explaining that one of his broadcast programmes to-day is heard by more people than

made his appreciation series a part of their regular work.

I AM HUMBLy grateful," Damrosch resumed, "that such a chance came to me at my time of life. I do not believe that any other musician ever had a comparable opportunity."

"Good music is becoming democratized. Every week I speak and play to 'common people' who now know what Wagner, Brahms, Mozart and Beethoven really mean. Through the cultivation of their minds and hearts, these listeners are becoming aristocrats in the best sense of the word."

IT WAS EARLY morning when the veteran conductor-composer sat for his birthday picture and interview. Outside, the city was scurrying to its offices, but Damrosch, brisk, ruddy-cheeked and smiling, was well into his day's work. Two telephones on his unpretentious studio desk jangled intermittently.

Damrosch already had spent a little

time at his piano, arranging a score. Every minute of his day was scheduled for appointments, broadcast, rehearsal. He has a passion for punctuality, and reckons that he never has been late more than ten times in his life.

HIS SEVENTIETH birthday finds Damrosch with three predominant interests: His broadcasting, a drive for a \$300,000 fund for the relief of unemployed musicians, and his campaign for the presentation of opera in English.

He has more than a humanitarian interest in seeking to aid the jobless of his profession, for he declares that their destitution affects the very structure of music itself. In addition to sponsoring benefit concerts, his committee has received numerous contributions from music lovers. One of these gifts was the \$5,000 birthday cheque presented to Damrosch by the National Broadcasting Company.

Never intolerant of so-called popular music (he has even broadcast George

Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm"), the conductor nevertheless is hopeful that a modern Wagner or Beethoven will arise.

THERE ARE no giants creating music to-day," he said. "This age does not seem able to express itself musically. We have been feeding too much on the past."

He is not alarmed about the crooning vogue, Damrosch at seventy has seen many a fad come and go.

The conductor cares little for reminiscence, but there are thrills aplenty in his career. Born in Breslau, Germany, January 30, 1862, he came to this continent with his father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, a noted conductor. When the latter died unexpectedly in 1885, Walter, then only twenty-three, was chosen to take up his father's baton.

LATER, in the face of predictions of failure, young Damrosch sold his home to finance a season of Wag-

nerian music. It was successful, and for four years thereafter. In 1890 he began giving private lecture-recitals—the forerunners of his present music appreciation series. He wrote an opera himself, "The Scarlet Letter," and toured the country with it. In 1903 he made the New York Symphony Orchestra into a permanent organization, and conducted it until he resigned in 1927.

"To-day," said Walter Damrosch, "I feel like a young man just getting started in a new work. My birthday wish is that I may be permitted to carry on for at least a few more years."

Grabbed the Chance

"I hear that Widow Gaybird is suing Richman for breach of promise. I didn't know they knew each other." "Richman was Bobbie Gaybird's Sunday school teacher and Bobbie caused so much trouble in class that Richman got out of patience one day and said he just wished he were Bobbie's father. Bobbie went home and told his mother."



Walter Johannes Damrosch . . . is looking forward.

War Intrudes On Leisure and Gaiety of Shanghai

THE Canadian business man in Shanghai has been rudely jarred out of his leisurely, comfortable routine, and has taken up arms or such defence duties as may have been assigned him by the leaders of the Reserve Corps in the International Settlement.

Shanghai itself, romantic, cosmopolitan, teeming with millions of people, has adopted an entirely new mode of life. Shanghai does not take two hours for lunch nowadays, nor does it scatter from its offices to the race tracks and clubs early in the afternoon.

Your average white business man—and there are many thousands of him in the city—at this very moment may be patrolling a street in the international district. He may be guarding a hospital. Or posted on the roof of the Cathay Hotel and signaling

Bund. Shanghai's waterfront boulevard and park. Cotton mills, factories of many descriptions, docks, lumber yards, warehouses line each side of the river beyond the Bund, but on it are the main business houses, banks, clubs and newspaper offices.

There is plenty of work for the business men here. With 450,000,000 people at the door of the fifth largest commercial port in the world, Shanghai is well-called "the traders' paradise." Even so, there is little of bustling western business methods. Nobody in Shanghai seems to be in a hurry.

For instance, if a letter must be written to a Chinese customer, it is not sent by a Chinese stenographer who can take dictation in English. It is elaborately printed by hand, in Chinese, by a native comrade.



The Shanghai General Post Office . . . once a centre of commercial activity . . . now in the hands of Japanese invaders.

A HURRIED lunch is scarcely obtainable in Shanghai. It is tradi-

tional that "tiffin" calls for a good two hours of dawdling over the noon-day meal. Beef steaks and coffee can be had only at one restaurant, which is run by a former marine.

Almost everyone has far more employees and servants than he needs—specialized natives for specialized duties—and all of them working in the same apathetic tempo. That is one of the things that make Shanghai life more strenuous than would be imagined. The busiest times are on the "mail days," when the big ships are leaving for the States.

After working hours come sports. Both foreign and Chinese residents of Shanghai are keen sportsmen. Shanghai has three race courses, four golf courses and innumerable tennis courts. In the very middle of the city is a big track and park. Here football, baseball, and cricket matches are fre-



A peace-time scene in Shanghai . . . with hundreds of sampans jamming a waterway . . . beneath the famous Garden Bridge.

quently played. Americans have their Columbia Club where, as in all the

foreign clubs in Shanghai, the Chinese are not allowed as guests.

AT 7 o'clock everybody in Shanghai begins to dress for dinner. This is the time for entertaining, and one's guests often are of an international character. Night life begins with a cocktail at the house of some friend around 7:30 in the evening. Then comes dinner at another home from 8 to 10, or perhaps at the "Hotel Tini" or a club with dancing. At about 11 there follows a round of clubs and cafes—always allowing for some time at "The Little Club" after midnight.

Shanghai is gay, but this is not all of Shanghai. It also is culturally minded. There are all sorts of university courses, and good lectures. There is a good municipal orchestra entirely supported by the community.

Stars in the musical world are fond of stopping at this port. More so perhaps because radio programmes are still very slim and limited in their scope. There are women's clubs, garden clubs, Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. service clubs, literary clubs, and a very flourishing Rotary. In most of these activities Chinese and foreigners work and play side by side.

The very international character of the city is one of its chief fascinations. Seventy thousand Russians live in Shanghai, the majority of them refugees from their native land. There are almost 3,000 French and more than 200,000 Japanese. Many of the Canadians live in apartments similar to those one would see anywhere here or in small homes built in the French concession. Shanghai has a good water system and every modern convenience.

Connell Gives Early Spring Hints To Gardeners and Others

By Robert Connell

Noted Island Naturalist

AN OLD rhyme sung apparently from time immemorial by English children and brought across the Atlantic to America seems to have a very practical relation to the needs of gardeners and other plant-lovers on our island. The rhyme goes thus:

"Lady-bird! Lady-bird!
Fly away home!
Your house is on fire,
And your children do roam!"

Dr. Lutz in his useful "Field-Book of Insects" gives the following explanation: "Many lady-bird larvae live on aphids and this rhyme started in the Old Country, where they burn the hop-vines after the harvest. These vines are usually full of aphids and Coccinellid children." To this I may

add what Clarence M. Weed says in his "Insect Ways": "Lady-birds have the habit of crawling to the tops of the grass-blades or other vegetation on which they are feeding, and taking flights from the tip. If hop-vines infested by aphids are pulled up and piled for burning, many of the lady-birds which have been living on the aphids will crawl to the outside of the pile and take wing." This supplements and explains Dr. Lutz's interpretation.

That lady-birds, both in the larval and mature stage, are deadly enemies of aphids is now a well-recognized fact. Every kind falls a prey to them, from the soft "green flies" that infest our roses to the woolly apple-aphids of our orchards. The difficulty is that we have not the right kind of species for a particular kind of aphid. Certainly certain species of lady-birds are specially associated with certain species of aphids.

All this by way of introduction to the story of an interesting find I made the other day on the top of Mount Skutumpah and shows how one difficulty of life has been solved by these little beetles.

WHERE THE LADY-BIRDS WINTER

The scene is just an ordinary rock fragment about nine inches by ten and three or four inches thick, embedded partially in a bed of moss. On its south face is a bright red spot, which on closer inspection resolves itself into a lady-bird. Now where one lady-bird is seen thus in the winter you are well advised to look for others. So I lifted a corner of the stone cautiously, exposing the dark soil with its little yellow grass seedlings underneath, but, at first sight, no lady-bird. But a little further exposure of the stone's resting-place suddenly revealed in the northeast corner a queer little mass of red insects so closely huddled together that their hemispherical wing-cases overlapped. Indeed some were piled above the others. These were the lady-birds of which the one outside was a pioneer, a daring adventurous spirit in the world of lady-birds.

It was not the first occasion on which I had found a lady-bird winter quarters; my last was on Gonzales Hill. But there was about this one a feature new to me: I had certainly not noticed

it on previous occasions, and it might have escaped me now had it not been that a number of the lady-birds were markedly different in color from the majority. As you know, lady-birds are commonly bright red; these unusual ones were almost white with just the faintest suggestion of a reddish tinge about the outer edges of the wing-cases, and they were much smaller than the average of their kind. Led on by this I discovered that there was further variety among the others in number and shape of the dots and markings. So I decided to bring some home for examination and subsequent release in the garden. Forty of them I transferred to a match-box; the rest I sheltered by carefully replacing the stone.

When I came to the work of examining my little captives I found it no easy matter. If I had done so early in the morning when they were chilled and inert all might have been well. But I undertook it when warmth and sunshine had stirred their limbs to activity. In a few minutes I had forty lady-birds running in every direction over the table, until sorting them became as great a problem as the counting of the Irishman's pigs:

"Sixteen I make them, sir, but one little devil be running about so much I cannot be counting him!"

So I gathered them up one by one and kept them till this morning, when I was able to get them in a quieter mood. I find among them apparently half a dozen well-marked species; with six spots, as well as other markings; the white ones have three spots in front and two curved marks that unite in form like a horseshoe with the opening towards the head. Unfortunately I have no means of identifying the species.

It is this that gives perhaps the chief interest to the lady-bird winter quarters; that several distinct species thus congregate together intent on the one business of keeping warm. I have been looking the matter up in some of the available literature, and I find that enormous masses of the little beetles are sometimes found. Dr. Lutz says: "Some species have the curious habit of congregating as adults in great masses on mountain tops to spend the winter. Horticulturists of California collect these masses by the ton; put

them in cold storage until wanted, and distribute them among the farmers at the proper season for controlling aphids." Weed says: "that thousands thus huddle together in winter, and he is quoted by Dr. C. F. Hodge as reporting the finding of "balls" of lady-birds containing as much as a quart.

We have thus at hand a means of combatting one of the worst plagues of our gardens. It only requires the removal of the hibernating beetles to the particular field of operations we desire them to take over, and this is rendered possible by this peculiar wintering habit of the adult insects.

And now if you want to see an amusing illustration of the agility of a small insect and take a beautiful lesson in packing, watch a lady-bird which has fallen on its back. There is sudden flash of golden silky wings from fluttering wing-cases and as swift a return, and the lady-bird is right side up again. Those wonderful wings are folded away in a manner little short of marvelous, and not a hint of their existence is given by the smooth, trim covers with their curved surfaces like the finest of Oriental lacquer-work.

JAPAN'S SKYROCKET RISE

Nippon's Big Army and Navy Descend From Best Fighting Men of Dark Ages



Editor's Note—This is the second of six stories on Japan, of to-day and the island empire's amazingly rapid rise from a primitive land to a first-class world power in the short span of seventy-odd years.

By ROBERT TALLEY

A POWERFUL modern army lengthens its shadow across China, backing up its demand for foreign trade with machine guns and artillery.

The long-nosed guns of the world's third greatest navy echo, in tones like thunder, the same demand from Shanghai's harbor. Militaristic Japan is on the march in Asia again.

At the front, its guns speak. Back on the island empire its idle factories wait. Many means have been suggested for curing the depression that is world wide. Japan, however, has its own peculiar method.

Vast China's economic boycott against Japan is going to be broken or else—

And that is why the Japanese are in China to-day.

Japan's modern army came into being soon after Commodore Perry had forced the medieval hermit empire to open its doors to world trade about seventy-five years ago.

Its modern navy was born at the same time.

But behind each lies a most colorful story—a story that goes back to the dim centuries before the Christian era.

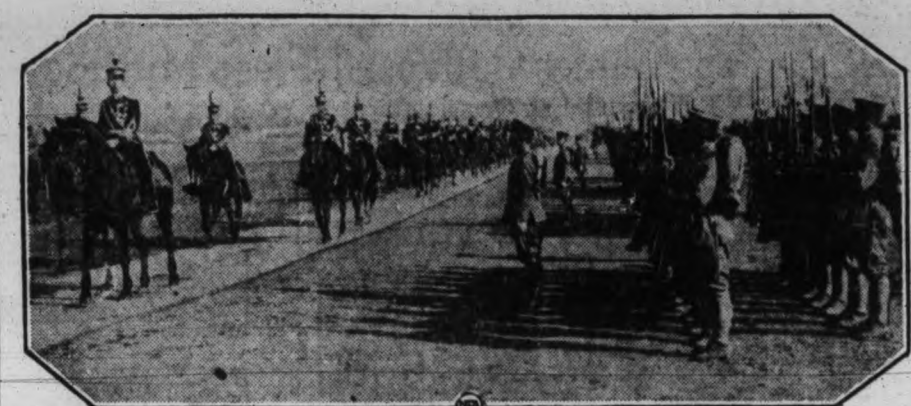
IN those primitive days, and in the days that followed up to seventy-

five years ago, Japan drew the hardest fighting men that the world ever produced. They were trained from the cradle on, their meat was unspiced rice, their motto was "Live and die with sword in hand." They were the samurai, professional warriors.

In the early days of cross-bow and keen-edged sword, approximately one-fourth of the able-bodied men constituted the nation's army. Service was for a definite period, during which all taxes were remitted.

With the advent of the eighth century, the conscription list increased. Every stalwart man was caused to bear arms; every weakling was shamed as a mere bread-winner.

In the twelfth century, the whole nation came under the sway of the



The emperor reviews his army . . . probably the best, equipped and most highly organized military force in the world.

military organizations. Rich feudal chiefs gathered soldiers around them to protect their fiefs and help them collect taxes from their subjects.

IN those ancient days, the principal weapon was the bow and arrow. Japan even had its William Tell: its histories record that a certain Tameoto shot an arrow through his brother's helmet to recall the youth's allegiance without injuring him.

Even as late as 1852, a powerful warrior named Masatoki—with bow and arrow—made 5,393 successful shots in twenty hours, or more than four a minute. Endurance contests are nothing new in Nippon!

In addition, there was the sword. A single-edged weapon, wickedly curved, delicately balanced, beautifully ornamented. Professional swordsmen toured the country, challenging other experts to public combat.

The samurai carried two swords—a long one for combat and a short one for cutting off an enemy's head after he had been dispatched. Such heads they took to the silent tent of their commander after the battle to be counted. The commander, it seems, kept the heads.

These knights of Old Japan wore armor of iron and leather, inlaid with gold and silver.

PRIOR to the fifteenth century, a battle resembled a gigantic fencing match. It was opened with a human sacrifice, usually a prisoner or a condemned criminal. Nobody advanced until notice of attack was given with a singing arrow.

These early warriors had an ultra-courteous way about them. A man marched out, singled out a foe and addressed him personally, proclaiming his name and titles to his particular enemy and often adding his father's records.

Then the two went to it—like hundreds of others were doing around them.

2,000,000 MEN, 223 SHIPS, JAP WAR FORCE

Japan's standing army in 1932 consists of seventeen divisions, with a war-time strength of more than 350,000 and a peace strength of 235,000.

This force is augmented by the highly organized and trained first reserve, estimated at 500,000 men, and a second reserve, not so well organized or trained, of more than 1,000,000 men. Both reserves train for three weeks each year.

The Japanese navy consists of ten capital ships, of which six are battleships and four are battlecruisers, seven armored cruisers, three aircraft carriers, thirty-two cruisers, 106 destroyers and sixty-five submarines, of which twenty-two are first grade. The navy regularly has 85,000 men.

Main battery of the battle fleet includes sixteen sixteen-inch guns and eighty fourteen-inch guns.

The Japanese air force, which is a separate unit, has approximately 1,500 fighting planes.

HARA-KIRI—honorable suicide—arose among these professional soldiers. No Japanese was sentenced to death; he was merely sentenced to commit suicide. He did so by falling upon his sword and disemboweling himself. A friend stood by with a short sword to cut off his head as soon as the stomach was gashed. The justice of such an order was never questioned.

Often, hara-kiri was committed as a voluntary protest against some unjust ruling. These men never hesitated to die for a cause.

Are their descendants equally willing to die for a modern cause?

A FEW years before Commodore Perry forced the opening up of Japan, the governor of Nagasaki reached the conclusion that his country would invite a dire fate if it remained oblivious of the world's military progress. Accordingly, he obtained from the

Dutch—who still traded intermittently—a few small arms and field guns. He began training a company of men at Yedo. Officials threw him into prison. When the American fleet came in 1853, the officials—led by the imprisoned governor of Nagasaki—had been right, and soon began the importation of guns and rifles and cannon from Europe.

DATES now tell the story:

1852—The shoguns adopted a military system like that of the rest of the world and organized three divisions of 13,000 men.

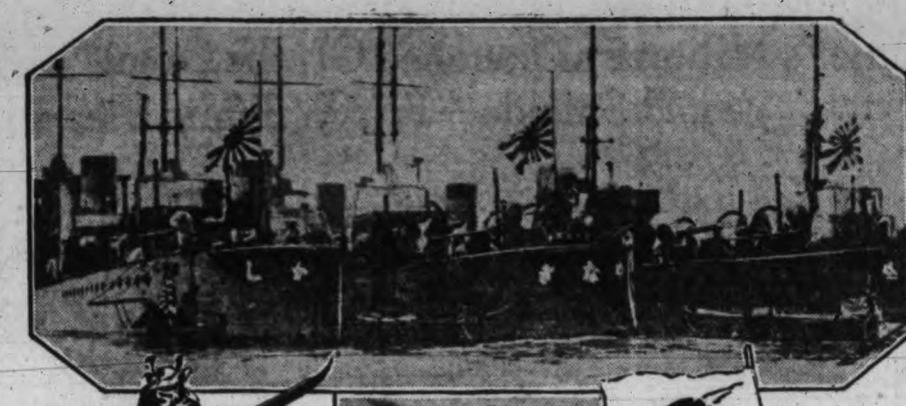
1873—Imperial decree by the emperor substituted conscription for system of hereditary militarism.

1877—The new army stood its first test—quelling a revolution.

1883—Period of compulsory active and reserve service was extended to twelve years.

1890—Seven divisions now in the field, with guns.

1895—Victorious in war with China.



Japan's German-trained infantry being armed with single-loader Murata rifles.

1900—A Japanese force goes to Peking to help quell the Boxer revolution and there sees at first hand methods of European armies. Complete reorganization of Japan's army follows.

1904—Victorious in war with Russia.

1910—Annexation of Korea by Japan.

1915—Kiaochow captured from Germans.

The rest needs no comment here.

IN Japan now, all males of from seventeen to forty are liable for military service. About 600,000 attain military age each year. After medical examination, they are divided into five main classes, according to degree of military fitness. As the annual quota is about 100,000, those in the highest class usually are more than sufficient.

The term of service is eighteen and one-half months, with five and one-third years in the first reserve and ten years in the second reserve.

The full figures are military secrets but it is believed that, in the event of a first-class war, Japan would be capable of putting into the field two reserve divisions for each peace-time division—or fifty-one divisions in all.

THE emperor is the supreme commander of the army, and likewise of the navy.

The naval history of these islands



It is a far cry from the ancient Japanese warrior, sketched at the left, to Japan's modern army and navy of to-day. Above, a part of the high seas fleet; below, an army bomber loading its death-dealing cargo.

people goes back a long way, too. They suffered by Tartar invasion in the thirteenth century. For centuries they had their fishing fleets.

In the seventeenth century, a castaway English pilot, named William Adams, supervised for them the building of two ships. But in 1638, the

Next Saturday—The "why" of Japan's war machine . . . an island with modern industries that must have foreign raw materials and foreign markets or starve . . . how the flag of trade has followed the flag of war across the Orient.

government's policy of isolation brought an edict that forbade ship building.

For the next 200 years, nothing happened. Then came Commodore Perry.

THE rest may also be told in dates: 1855—Seamen's training station opened at Nagasaki, with Dutch instructors. Dock, iron factory and naval school follows.

1857-58—Two small vessels purchased from the Dutch and one given by Queen Victoria form nucleus of modern Japanese navy.

1868—First steam vessel is built, a small tugboat.

1882—Naval construction programme begins with thirty cruisers, and twelve torpedo boats.

1895—As result of better training, Japanese defeat superior Chinese naval force.

1904—Japan's growing fleet crushes Russian fleet as Admiral Togo captures Port Arthur.

1914—Twelve battleships and six more building, plus 181 other fighting ships, including fifteen submarines.

1932—The world's third greatest naval power, topped only by England and America.

Connell Rambles By Luck On the Cliffs Of Mount Skirt

By Robert Connell
Noted Island Naturalist

ONE ALMOST indispensable feature of a ramble is a certain vagueness about its goal and even its general direction. To be tied down to a particular route and to be pledged to reach a certain place are distractions to the ramble's mind and a deliberate sacrifice of many of the finer things that are bound to come in the ramble's way. His mode of action is quite other than that of the hiker with his mapped and ordered progress. Instead, of being proudly self-conscious that he is "master of his fate" the ramble leaves his course largely to chance or luck, content to go wherever the accidents of things point out the way. This, at least, is my interpretation of my own mind and feelings when I go out, as I did last Saturday, for a day in the country. "Somewhere in the direction of Langford" was as near as I came to a decision.

So I took the Veterans' stage to Langford Station, a stopping-place decided upon on the spur of the moment as it were, and then proceeded along the narrow gravelled thoroughfare known as the Station Road. Before me lay the snowy hills and on each side the Plains of Langford with their broom and brush. The willows on the left were covered with silver catkins that looked like pearls in the sunshine, for their size ranged from a quarter to less than half an inch. I think none of the other willows flower in the profusion of these denizens of the gravelly plains and flats.

At the corner where the government yards are a new road turns off to the right, and having never passed that way before I naturally took it. This road ultimately joins itself to the Island Highway. However, of this I was ignorant as I passed the houses and cottages on each side, some with every mark of habitation, a few as plainly designated "empty." Where the road turns across the plains something of their old character remains. They are less choked with second-growth thickets and the ubiquitous broom, and instead there are grassy openings where the shining holly-like leaves of the tall Oregon-grape are at this season of a purplish color and where mats of kinnikinnick spread the same tint along the level of the ground. I cannot but think that it is a thousand pities that the broom has been suffered to spread far and wide in this district. Not only has it very greatly increased the fire menace and destroyed what pasture Nature had provided, but

it has buried some of the most interesting features of the countryside, the kettle-holes. These large circular and often deep crater-like pits, formed by great fragments of glacial ice entangled in the sediments of the ancient Colwood River, are one of the features of the Colwood and Langford Plains which are not found so far as I know elsewhere on the island. A few years ago these were grass-clad from top to bottom; to-day they share in the district's deluge of thickened broom. Thus a group of phenomena difficult to parallel is being lost to those who are interested in such things.

A WORLD ON EDGE

The road almost touches the southeast end of Langford Lake and then unites with its more-travelled neighbor. Passing by the many cottages I came at last to Lake-end Road, and as it also was new to me I followed it across the flooded flats and along the side of one of the ridges that, beginning here, extend towards the head of the old-delta at the E. and N. crossing of the Sooke Lake road. It ends as it was bound to do at the north end of the ridge. But from here I had a good view of Mount Skirt with its walls of rock rising 900 feet above the Highway, and further I was able to see that a fairly open course to the summit lay between the road and the top. So I retraced my steps and was soon ascending the steep slopes of the mountain, which immediately above the road are formed of glacial debris with an open forest of fir.

Mount Skirt is a good illustration of how relative are our notions of height. Looked at from a distance, we see only a broad-based eminence covered with trees and with no suggestion of an elevation out of the common. It measures about a mile and a half in diameter—it is roughly circular in plan—and covers an area of about two and a half square miles. Thus its slope is easy on the north at least, but on the face above the valley of Langford Lake it presents a much steeper profile, but unfortunately this profile is hidden by trees and by the general character of the country below. It really gives a very pleasant climb on the side which I ascended. Yet from below it is hard to imagine that Mount Skirt is actually from the road some 200 feet above Mount Douglas.

Above the loose deposits and their open woods succeed the rocks of which the mountain is composed. They are ancient volcanic lavas and ash beds which have undergone much change since they were first erupted in the foundation of the still older Lesch River schists. In addition to chemical and mineralogical alteration on a very thorough scale they have suffered so very intense a folding that to-day the ramble finds himself

climbing over the upturned beds. The world out of which we may say our Vancouver Island developed has been in fact set on edge just as the sheets of an open-package of paper would be if when lying horizontally they were subjected to close and steady pressure from two opposite ends. As the paper sheets would be eventually formed into a close fold whose sides would be parallel and vertical, so the ancient volcanic materials of which Mount Skirt is composed were thrown into many parallel folds whose axes trended roughly north-west southeast, and whose limbs stood almost and sometimes wholly vertical. The curved upper edges have long since been worn off and the lower ones are concealed, but otherwise the analogy is as complete as analogies can very well be.

Climbing up the mountain-side, then, we come upon innumerable blocks of grey rock in which the structure so closely approximates to our paper block that stony sheets can be made out and huge flagstones with parallel faces lie below the low cliffs and walls as they have fallen from the easily cleaved material. The rock is related to that of Gonzales Hill, but while our local eminence is composed of lava, Mount Skirt, as I have said, is of a mixed nature, lava and ash, but almost wholly the latter. One might say, indeed, that Gonzales Hill represents the solid material of extrusion, Mount Skirt the dust-like and fragmentary.

BIRDS OF PREY

The ascent of such rock with its numerous ledges and frequent steep-like surfaces is so easy as to require little more than good wind, and the eye is delighted at almost every point and corner, even in February, by the touches of vivid green set off by the silvery grey rocks. The color is furnished chiefly by the beautiful clusters of mountain sword-fern and the variety of mosses, but there is also a wealth of seedlings already above ground, among which I noticed in wet places the leaves of the larger mimulus. There is, however, a belt of broom to be traversed, and of all things on a mountain-side this is the worst. It is a perfect jungle of tough and resistant stems lying contumaciously this way and that, for the broom up above suffers much from the heavier snowfalls and becomes a twisted and contorted being in consequence. Much of it is dead, and in its death it becomes an even worse obstacle. However, I succeeded in worming my way through and was just feeling relieved at finding the thicket giving way to scattered bushes when a flutter of wings distracted my attention from the broom.

From a broom bush in front of me came a varied thrush, one of those pretty cousins of the robin that make our acquaintance on the lowlands in winter. It stopped its flight on the

branch of a fir to the right, and I had hardly time to admire its pert form and bright color when there came a second sound of wings, and this time there passed only a few feet from me a pigeon hawk flying low and apparently from the same broom-bush as that from which the varied thrush had flown. Not only could I see the graceful flight of the hawk, but he, too, came to rest for a few moments on a fir-branch a little further off to the left, and thus his identity was beyond doubt as I looked at his dark plumage and his small but wicked head. Thinking that he might have killed the thrush's mate I went round the bush, and to my surprise I saw there another pigeon hawk and sent it with swift flight down the hill. But I could find no sign of struggle, not a feather anywhere, and I was forced to believe that I must have arrived just when the pair were after their fashion hunting among the scattered bushes and close upon the thrush.

The pigeon hawk or black merlin is closely related to the British merlin and its habits are much the same. The bird of the Old Land resembles ours in its habits and flight, "flying low and skimming over the open ground without any apparent effort," seldom rising above its prey and swooping on it, but simply chasing it, following every double, twist and turn of the flying quarry with a persistence and ardor that almost invariably meets with success." It will thus be seen—for this is a very exact account of our pigeon hawk's mode of hunting—that the black merlin is admirably suited to our Coast conditions. Our forests are not like those of the Amazon, where a second world of life exists in the tree-tops, in fact a richer one than that on the deeply-shaded ground: on the contrary, the hunting-place for our birds and animals is on the outskirts where the forest gives place to thickets and scattered shrubs. There the merlin finds its prey where the smaller birds nest and feed, sometimes rising where the flocks of wild pigeons rest among the alder woods.

I saw a few juncoes on the mountain-side, and in a grove of young trees near the summit a flock of gold-crowned kinglets flitting restlessly on their apparently endless journeying.

THE SNOWY CREST

Above the broom the way was clear if steep and rocky. The summit is marked by higher walls of rock and also by one gully sloping downwards in a direction more or less parallel to the strike of the rocks. Snow was already underfoot in little patches, and on the summit I found about half an inch. The stumps of old fir blackened by a fire of years ago stand here and there, and around two close neighboring ones a well-stocked arbutus gave me a shelter from the slight but

chilly wind and at the same time a sufficiency of bright sunshine. On every side I could hear little chipping sounds, and these I found came from innumerable little icicles falling from branches and leaves. The recent snow on the mountains had thawed and frozen and now came down in a slow and scattered rain of ice fragments from its brief resting-places above.

But while I lunched let me endeavor to tell of the extremely fine view I obtained from the summit, a view limited to the southern half of the horizon since the northern was almost wholly cut off by trees. Mount Baker was in constant change due to the passing of mist across the mountain about a fourth of its height below the top. At one time this produced a rather peculiar effect. The main peak seen by us from Victoria on the left was obscured, and the ridge on the right, no doubt the rim of one of the mountain's craters, was now so thrown into relief and prominence that the mountain seemed exactly reversed: main peak on the right and ridge on the left.

Passing over the ever-beautiful Olympics, my attention was particularly attracted by the snowy hills of Goldstream and Sooke. The bare places on their flanks or about their summits were of dazzling whiteness, perfect and flawless. On the northeastern slopes the last snow had been soft enough to remain on the branches of the trees and the dark blue forests were thus sprinkled with white. An occasional ridge or head like that of Empress Mountain stood up like a bank or wreath of snow. The clouds that passed across the sunny sky made with their shadows a constant change in this landscape, so that sometimes the white flank or crest was tinted by the sun with gold, and again became a tender blue as a shadow crept across. When neither sun nor shade moved it to extremes the snow remained beautiful in its own white purity. Then below in the valley lay Langford Lake with its gently curved shores and their cottages softened in the moist air above the water. A small fir-clad island broke the calm placidity in which the grey willows on the opposite side were mirrored. Just a glimpse of Glen Lake beyond and of a winter-filled hollow came through the trees.

A FERNY DELL

It is much easier to climb a steeply rocky front than to descend it; so looking about for a suitable way down I followed the summit ridge a little distance to the north. By now the snow was decidedly slippery and rubber-soled shoes compelled me to keep as much as possible along such bare margins of rock as could be found. At last I found a gully by which I got down from the ramparts to a wide, sloping terrace, and then by another

opening in the next rock-wall to the edge of a belt of timber. On my left I had a rocky broken slope and on my right this strip of wood extending from just below the summit to the road. As the wood was open and inviting, I entered it and found myself in a beautiful dell where clumps of lofty maples and alders mingled with the firs. Some of the latter were noble trees, the giants of the land in earlier days. Through the middle a noisy mountain brook tumbled among great tufts of sword-fern, in one place foaming and bubbling, in another lost for a moment in a dark pool overshadowed by hazels. Soft green mosses cushioned the ground; others had climbed the maples and covered their trunks far up among their branching crowns with a darker greenery. The alders are less inviting to these plants, for only occasionally did a clump appear on the white bark.

I was compelled, however, to leave this gracious place later on for the open hill-side, where once more rocks had to be climbed down or circumnavigated. Thickets of shrub oak among which some mature trees grew had to be traversed. Among them I came across large quantities of galls attached to the branches. Most of them were dead, but a few fresh ones were still to be seen. These galls occur on the young shoots, attacking especially the terminal ones, where this season's buds appear springing from the greenish excrescence. They are hard and woody in character and contain within their single cell the larva of the gall-fly. The gall is, of course, only the effect of the irritation set up in the cells of the plant by the egg-laying activity of the gall-fly. I saw no sign of this gall on the larger oaks.

The amount of water along the base of the rocks where the loose deposits lie against them is at this season very great. It is not confined to brooks such as that in the dell, but forms boggy places or, as in one instance, a pool where a fallen tree of former days formed an efficient dam. Here slender grasses and clustered mosses made the temporary reservoir beautiful.

The change of vegetation on the mountain are interesting and give a key to the climatic and soil conditions. Thus in the moister angle, between the bare front and the timber, grass abounds, but elsewhere it is scarce and the soil is largely given over to mosses. The distinction between the oak area and that of the fir is probably a passing one that will ultimately disappear as the fir spreads, for already the oaks are being encroached upon. On the other hand the axe is at work, and as I neared the road the ground was strewn with freshly-fallen timber and blocks, and a "Wen Macgregor" was patiently sawing its way—under supervision, of course—through a great trunk.

The Last of the Hohenzollern Kaisers

Nurse's Error at Birth Crippled Him for Life, But Wilhelm II, as Germany's War Lord Who Led Nation Against the World Hoped to Be a Second Napoleon; Seeds of Great War Were Sown as Expanding Germany Reached for Foreign Trade, But This Ruler's Militarism Touched Off the Great Conflict; German Armies Collapsed, Fleet Mutinied and Revolt Flamed, Generals Expected Suicide—But Wilhelm Fled to Safety in Holland, Where He Remarried and Has Been Cutting Wood

By MILTON BRONNER

THIS IS the story of the man whose mailed fist might have ruled the world—or, at least, a large portion of it—had history reversed itself and the Great War terminated in a German victory.

If the outcome of that momentous conflict had been different, the world might be reading to-day of another Napoleon.

Instead, it reads now of an aged and solitary figure spending his last days chopping wood for exercise on his lonely estate in Holland; of a haughty war lord who built the most formidable military machine in the world's history and then ran away and left his beaten armies in the field when the crash came; of a man without a country, who lived to see Germany's day of bitter reckoning for the cataclysm which disillusioned those who had followed him into it with the blindness of misplaced patriotism.

It is the story of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, otherwise Kaiser Wilhelm II, the last Kaiser of the German empire.

HE WAS born under an unlucky star. The very circumstance of his arrival in the world seemed to have foreshadowed the woe which his life was to bring.

It was on January 27, 1859, that Victoria—daughter of Britain's queen of the same name and wife of Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm of Prussia—gave birth to the future Kaiser.

For an hour and a half the fate of the world hung in the balance, though the world little realized it then. The child was more dead than alive. It was seized with convulsions. An excited nurse dipped the royal baby into a tub of hot water. It was too hot; quickly she jerked it out. As she did so, she killed the nerves in the fragile little arm—the left arm. It became limp and withered. Despite the efforts of Europe's greatest surgeons, the royal baby remained a cripple.

That wrenched arm, deformed through life, was to have an importance to Germany and the rest of the world which the physicians could not dream. His own physical disability, as contrasted with his glorious birthright embittered him; it gave his soul the lust for power of which nature had cheated his own two hands.

THE BABE'S grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm I, was ruler of Germany at the time. He was an old man, but tenacious of life. His son, Frederick Wilhelm, grew to middle age and past it without a chance to change his position as crown prince for that of emperor.

But old Wilhelm I was the idol of Germany, famed as a soldier. He was the idol of his young grandson, the future Kaiser. Young Wilhelm Hohenzollern found all of his sympathies with his grandfather; he received little love from his own parents, gave even less in return.

Unimportant? Perhaps. But the future Kaiser's hatred and distrust of Britain—though he was linked to it by the ties of his mother's blood—was born of his admiration for the redoubtable old German emperor. Later, it was to have momentous consequences on the future of the world.

MORE IMPORTANT was that crippled arm. As the future ruler of Germany, there could be only one occupation, one training for the boy—that of a soldier. He became an officer in a cavalry regiment competing in drills and exercises with healthy young men who were not handicapped by infirmities. His chance for satisfaction and happiness lay in excelling them despite his withered arm; as their future king, he should be a better marksman, a better rider, a better all-around soldier than any of them.

But a cripple could not be all that.

INEVITABLY, Wilhelm became a militarist. Inevitably, the army was to him the greatest thing in Germany. Inevitably, it was to be his path—and his instrument—in life.

When, by strict application, he succeeded somewhat in rising above his physical handicap and becoming a skilled cavalry leader, this tendency was confirmed. Thus, before he entered his twenties, his double path in life was laid out for him: He was intensely anti-British, he was a strong militarist. Moreover, as a prince who would some day gain the throne, he would think of himself, first, as a general and second, as the ruler of a peaceful nation.

Not statecraft, but the army, was his training.

THE AGED Wilhelm I died in 1888. Frederick Wilhelm, an almost helpless invalid in the last stages of cancer, ruled three months. Then he died. Whereupon Wilhelm, his son, was crowned as Kaiser in 1888 at the age of twenty-nine.

Already, the seeds had been planted in Germany for the spirit of militarism that was to burst into bud in 1914, flower in the summer of 1916 and wither and die under the allies' crushing blows, in the fall of 1918.

Regretted for years by his parents who were antagonistic to his aims, longing for a chance to assert himself and wield the power of which he had dreamed so long, young Wilhelm was hardly the ideal man to put at the head of a great nation.

BETTER than anyone else, the wise old Bismarck realized this. And Wilhelm knew how Bismarck felt. Ambitious to such an extent that it

WORLD WAR FILLED 8 1-2 MILLION GRAVES

ALLIES	
Russia	1,700,000
France	1,357,000
British Empire	908,371
Italy	650,000
United States	126,000
Romania	335,706
Japan	300
Serbia	45,000
Belgium	13,716
Greece	5,000
Portugal	2,323
Montenegro	3,000
Total allies	5,152,115
CENTRAL POWERS	
Germany	1,773,700
Austria-Hungary	1,200,000
Turkey	325,000
Bulgaria	87,300
Total	3,386,000
GRAND TOTAL	8,538,315

was almost a mania, Wilhelm would not have a chancellor who felt that way. Bismarck sought to restrain him, to guide his hands for a few years until experience could teach him more of the ins and outs of the job. But Wilhelm would not hear; a few months after he became Kaiser Wilhelm II he dismissed Bismarck from his service and set forth on his long-dreamed-of career with counsellors of his own choosing.

The world wondered what kind of ruler this ambitious, bull-headed young emperor would make.

It was soon to learn.

EUROPE, wondering how the young Emperor Wilhelm II would act after his accession to Germany's throne in 1888, was not long in finding out. In a manner that chilled the spines of the rest of the nations on the continent and the nearby island of Britain, he spoke grandiloquently of "mailed fists" and "Germany's mission in the world."

In his speeches, he petted the dove of peace—but at the same time he paraded his shining armor.

Even his own countrymen became uneasy.

But, presently, their fears were away. Wilhelm was young; he seemed disposed to confine himself to talk.

He was so it began to be felt, merely making up for his sense of inferiority that had been his since youth because of that shriveled arm. At last, he was the chief man in Germany, commander-in-chief of a huge army; now he would avenge his own self-esteem for the humiliation he had felt when, as a youth at cavalry school, he had repeatedly fallen from his horse because he had only one good arm.

Gradually, Europe settled back to the comfortable belief that it all was merely talk. Little did it dream that 1914 was to bring disillusion.

IN the early nineties, Wilhelm turned his attention to the German fleet—"My fleet," he called it, just as he said "My army."

Until then Germany had a very modest navy. Britannia, then as now, ruled the waves. Wilhelm, however, conceived the idea of making Germany one of the foremost of world powers; perhaps the thought that Germany would never be on an equal footing with Britain until it had a great navy had something to do with this. At all events he launched a huge building program.

Year by year the fleet grew. It passed the fleets of various other nations. Finally, it was second only to Britain's. Still, Wilhelm was not satisfied. He spoke of his fleet with the pride he had formerly reserved for his army. Both must be the greatest on earth.

MEANWHILE, German industry and commerce expanded amazingly. Science in industry, though born abroad, flocked to Germany because it found a warm welcome there. Britain, like most other nations of that time, kept its scientists in the school rooms; Germany put them in her growing factories. It is a fact that Germany's great chemical industry, incomparable



THIS IS THE MAN—These photos show various stages in the life of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. A little more than a dozen years ago, millions throughout the world blamed the World War on his thirst for power.

until destroyed by the war defeat, was the product of a British scientist who had been unappreciated at home.

The years from 1890 saw a growth of prosperity unparalleled in any other country except the United States. Wilhelm was not solely responsible, of course, but he must be credited with fostering this growth.

"Made in Germany" became a stamp on goods sold in every market in the world.

POLITICAL and economic reforms came, too. It is worthy of note that Wilhelm fostered liberal legislation such as workmen's compensation laws, humane factory regulations, old age pensions, mothers' pensions and the like.

But, in this connection, it is worth explaining that the Socialist tide of Marxism was gaining in Germany at that time—the working classes were growing in power, recognizing their rights and demanding them.

Canny Wilhelm, in granting these things, was not generous. He was merely smart.

Still, he held his royal power with a grip of iron. He was Europe's connecting link, at the turn of the century, with the ancient days of the Grand Monarchy when the king was supreme, because the custom of centuries made him so.

The German public, evidently mistaking canny shrewdness for open-handed liberalism, was almost idolatrous—gladly it yielded to bigger demands for "My fleet" and "My army."

IN the flush of success and prosperity, intense nationalism spread like a fever throughout the length and breadth of Germany. . . . The Germans were a race apart, destined for a place in the sun. . . . A superior people. . . . Germans were born to lead.

Teachers drilled it at the children in the schools, ministers flung it from their pulpits, college professors digressed in the midst of weary lectures to dilate, in glowing terms, on the God-given future of the Fatherland and the superiority of its people. Germans listened—and believed.

BUT COMMERCIAL expansion carried the seeds of danger. A trade war can lead to an actual war.

Plans for a colonial empire to absorb the surplus of Germany's factories accompanied the industrial boom. Britain looked fearfully at the threat of mercantile competition; neighboring France looked uneasily at the plans for the growing colonial empire.

Germany's first venture abroad came in the seizure of Kiao-chau in China in 1897. Then, in succession, came other colonial efforts: in the East Indies, in the Pacific archipelago, in South Africa.

Wary, but lacking a definite reason for intervening, France and Britain watched.

WILHELM meanwhile professed to be a lover of peace, but history questions that.

In 1905 came the famous "Tangier incident." Germany wanted an "open



One of the few pictures ever taken of Kaiser Wilhelm showing his withered left arm. . . . he always tried to conceal it.

door" in northwest Africa to clear the road toward her southern colonies; but France was bent on controlling northwest Africa alone. So Wilhelm, on his yacht, steamed into Tangier and told the sultan Germany would back him against the French. . . . France, not ready for war, backed down and trouble was averted.

Seeking alliances for the day when Germany should go to war, Wilhelm met the czar of Russia on his yacht off Riga and concocted a Russo-German alliance. It came to naught, however, when the czar's advisers refused to agree to it.

Then came the alliance with Austria—after which little Austria seized Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia protested, Wilhelm backed Austria, Russia backed down.

In 1911, Wilhelm tried to stop France's spread in Morocco, but on Britain's flat warning that it would stand by France in the event of trouble, Germany backed down. But the French made certain concessions and his face was saved.

SOON, WILHELM was busy in Turkey and an agreement was made with the sultan for German officers to train the Turkish army. The alliance was to protect his Berlin-to-Bagdad railway.

He entered Jerusalem in state—through a hole especially made in the city walls so he could ride in instead of having to walk in—and made many

more speeches about the shining armor and the divine right of kings.

THE SEEDS of war had been planted in Europe, and nursed throughout the years. Soon they were to flower. They did. At Sarajevo in the summer of 1914. The shot that killed the Archduke Francis Ferdinand ultimately echoed around the world.

Austria threatened Serbia. Russia came to Serbia's aid. With terrifying swiftness, soon Germany, France and England were at each other's throats.

Racing swiftly across the horizon of Europe came the greatest cataclysm in the world's history. And riding at the head of the Four Horsemen, to whom war was sweet and human suffering inconsequential, was a man with a shriveled arm.

DER TAG, to which Wilhelm Hohenzollern had looked forward for the better part of a lifetime, seemed near. Germany was at war.

"Rast ich so rost' ich," had been his motto since boyhood. That means "if I rest, I rust." Wilhelm had not rested. In 1914 his armies were the most formidable that had ever taken the field in the world's history.

ONWARD, toward Paris, his gray-green hosts marched. France would be left helpless in no time; then the others would be conquered, one by one. But history often turns on small things. A rainfall the night before cost Napoleon the battle of Waterloo. So it was that a bad decision by General von Kluck wrecked Wilhelm's dream. Von Kluck made an error by swinging his German army too close to Paris before support came up. The result was that Paris did not fall.

And so the war dragged into years.

GERMANY'S invasion of Belgium was with the Kaiser's consent, if not his actual belief. Regardless of the moral or humanitarian aspects of that act, it would seem that Wilhelm there committed his greatest blunder. Had Germany not invaded Belgium it is doubtful whether the British people would have consented to follow their government into the war.

At all events, the Kaiser's day had arrived. At last he was leading—figuratively, but by no means literally—his mighty armies into combat. The boy whose shriveled arm had moved to soldiers across imaginary battlefields, now gambled with human lives and human blood.

It is needless to follow the detailed story of the war. Everybody knows that the western front became a costly deadlock; that Germany's colonies were cut off; that her fleet made a spectacular, but useless, sortie into the North Sea and fought the battle of Jutland; that Wilhelm, through Admiral von Tirpitz, struck at England with submarines and Zeppelins; that Russia, after a big start, collapsed utterly and made peace; that Britain's attack on the Dardanelles was a ghastly failure, as thousands of dead Australians might testify; that Austria more than held her own against Italy; that the Kaiser saw his armies overrun the Balkans.



THE GOLDEN DAYS OF AN EMPEROR—In the royal carriage above, Kaiser Wilhelm (right) is shown with King George en route to the wedding of the former's daughter. Right, the Kaiser as he approached the zenith of his power. Below, a typical German poster of that militaristic era boosting Germany's army and navy. It reads: "With God for Kaiser and Empire." . . . "Germany—Protection and Defense."



THE SITUATION at the end of 1916 was all in his favor. Sooner or later, he could have made a gainful peace. But again Wilhelm erred. He wanted to fight on; he wanted to hurt Britain instead of merely parrying her thrusts. So unrestricted submarine warfare was ordered.

That sank the Lusitania, torpedoed by a sub off the Irish coast.

That brought the United States into it. From that moment Wilhelm's fate was doubly sealed.

The rest is history. Germany launched her last great desperate offensive in March, 1918. It failed. The allies replied with a counter-offensive, and the German lines crumbled. The famed Hindenburg line broke as the allies drove them back. By November, it was a rout.

BEHIND the lines one fateful day in early November there was a stormy scene between the Kaiser and his generals. They told him that the jig was up; that so far as Germany was concerned the war was over. The starving army could be goaded no more, the Imperial fleet had mutinied; back home, revolution was flaming in the cities.

Wilhelm retired to his private quarters. Anxious ears waited expectantly for a pistol shot that they believed would spell the end of an unhappy dream. But no pistol shot came. Wilhelm, thinking of anything else but suicide, was packing his bags for his flight to Holland.

He left old Hindenburg, a noble patriot, to gather up and bring home the battered armies as best he could. From his retreat, he sent word that he had abdicated as emperor of Germany but not as king of Prussia. They sent

word back that he had been renounced as both.

Mobs surged the streets of Berlin and other German cities. Everywhere the outcry was against the emperor and the Hohenzollerns. His pictures were torn down; he was reviled by the nation which had dreamed his dreams of greatness—until the illusion faded.

THE YEARS in Holland became those of an old man playing with the memories of the past—like a child plays with toys. He moved from Amerongen castle, whence he fled, to a quiet estate at Doorn. The allies at first demanded that he be surrendered to them and tried for "high crimes and misdemeanors." But the Dutch government refused to accede and, eventually, the demand was dropped.

In 1921, the former Kaiser—who he had married in 1881 and who had borne him seven children—died. Wilhelm was not even allowed to re-enter Germany for her burial at Potsdam. A year and a half later he married the former Princess Hermine.

For a time, Wilhelm apparently held hopes of returning to Germany as its monarch. But this was impossible. So he idled away his time at Doorn, chop-

ping wood for exercise. He chopped down and cut up 16,000 trees. He had nothing else to do.

IN THE shadows, the flickering flame of kingship still lived in the man who had claimed an alliance with God, who had preached his divine right to rule, whose favorite phrase had been "I, Wilhelm, by the Grace of God German Emperor and King of Prussia," and whose soldiers had worn buttons inscribed "Gott Mit Uns."

He continued to regard himself as the "All Highest." Others might forget that. He never did.

The checkered black and white royal flag floated from his house. The silver and plate on the table were marked "W." The chairs, the tapestries, the hangings all had their crown and "W." His guests—the remnants of royalties Germany—came with their full pretensions, just as if the war had never happened and just as if Germany were not a republic. "His Imperial Majesty" even ordered the attire in which they should appear in his august presence.

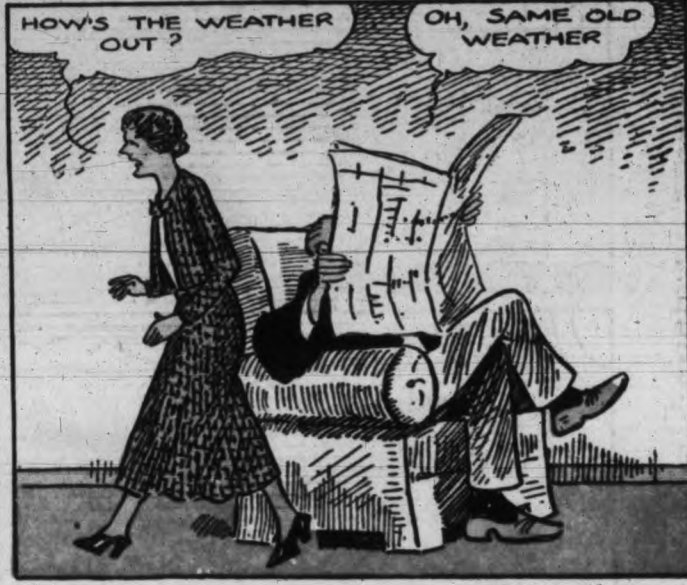
SO ENDS the story of the man with the shriveled arm. According to the cards, this withered member was destined to wield the scepter over a large part of the world. But the cards lied. It became, instead, the instrument of an old man for chopping down trees on a lonely estate in Holland, an old man whom kindly nature seems to have spared the bitter pangs of defeat by preserving his illusions of grandeur and power.

In the eyes of millions before the war, he was a king. The feeling never left him. In his own eyes, he was still a king as the shadows folded around him.

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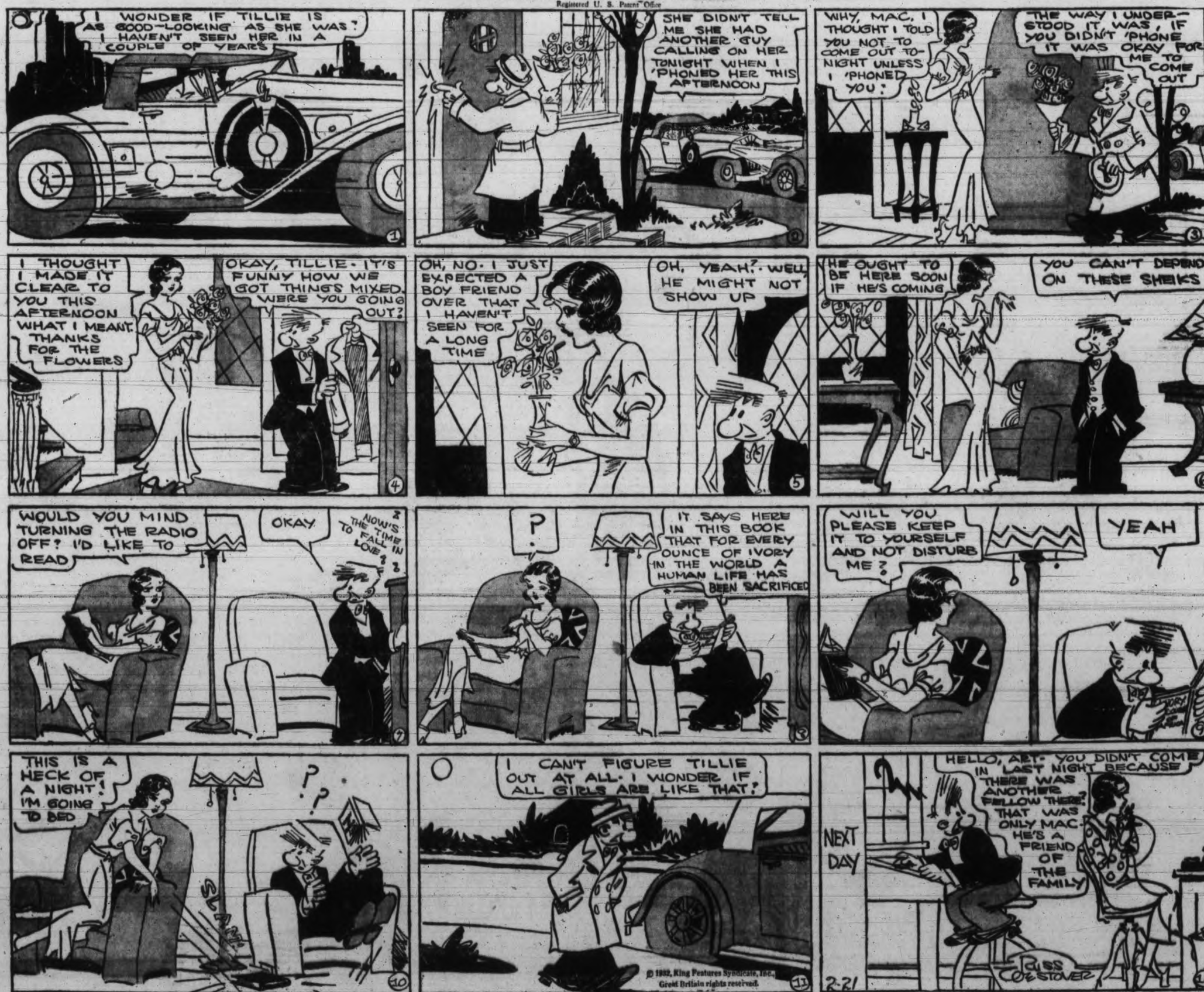
Victoria Daily Times

VICTORIA, B.C. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1932





Tillie the Toiler





Bringing Up Father

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